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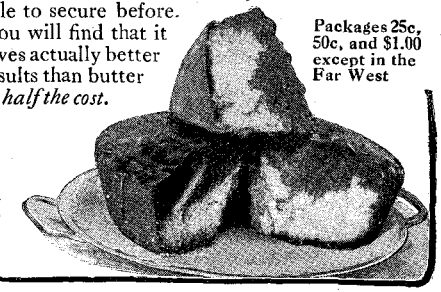

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The Outlook

APRIL 6, 1912

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

THE PACKERS' ACQUITTAL

The ten meat-packers who have been under criminal charges for the violation of the Anti-Trust Law have been acquitted. The proceedings began ten years ago. In the course of these extended criminal proceedings the counsel for the packers have used a great many expedients to find some loophole in the law or in technical procedure through which the accused men might escape. They were checked at every point, and finally the case came to trial before a jury in Chicago. It was generally expected that the result would be a conviction, although that would not necessarily have meant the end of the proceedings. To the surprise of the Government representatives at least, the verdict was one of acquittal. There immediately followed a sharp rise in the price of meats. It is to be remembered that this failure to convict under the criminal provisions of the Anti-Trust Law is not due to the lawyers or to the judges, but to the jury. Those who are crying out for dealing with the trusts by criminal proceedings should have that fact impressed upon their minds. Here is a case of criminal proceedings ten years long, and the outcome is an acquittal by a jury. If anything ought to impress an even moderately intelligent mind with the uselessness of trying to solve the trust question by criminal lawsuits, it should be this case of the packers at Chicago. In this matter the Government cannot be said to have been in any respect derelict. The case was prosecuted with all the skill that the Government could command. The Federal Government, from the time Attorney-General Knox instituted proceedings till this outcome, has pursued exactly the course it ought to have pursued. There is no indication that any other similar case would be more likely to be successful. A method that requires ten years to deal with a specific instance and then flattens out in this fashion is not a method that promises any results in dealing with a great problem. The whole country now ought to turn its attention to dealing with the trust question in a rational way by firm, constant, direct, immediate control through an administrative board.

STATE COVENTIONS AND PRIMARIES

Republican State conventions have just been held in Colorado and Indiana, and Democratic conventions in Indiana and Kansas. The Republican results in Colorado and Indiana were favorable to President Taft's candidacy. The Democratic results in Indiana indicated Governor Marshall, of that State, as a "favorite son." In Kansas Speaker Clark was favored. But the most conspicuous of political events last week was the primary in New York State, not so much because of the President's victory as because of the confusion in New York County, largely due to the fact that in a substantial fraction of the election districts of New York City there was no primary election at all because no ballots were delivered to the polling-places. In more than one district unofficial ballots were prepared and voted, and these may be held to be legal on the ground that a voter cannot be deprived of the franchise by a failure of the public machinery, if he can find a remedy for himself. But when at least four hundred out of the 1,699 election districts in Greater New York were lacking in something—either ballots, tally sheets, or election officials—there is reason for such a telegram as Judge Duell, the Roosevelt manager, sent to Governor Dix:

> The official ballots in many election districts were not delivered at all, and in even more numerous instances were delivered shortly prior to the close of the polls. The unexampled length of fourteen feet and the complexity of the ballot in New York County make the provision of the election law for a "substitution" of informal ballots in the absence of the official ballots look like conscious irony. The fact that where official ballots were not supplied no copy of the official ballots containing the names to be voted for were at the polling-places made it

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physically impossible to "substitute" informal ballots. An apter method of mocking at the supposed right of the voter to signify his will at a party primary could not have been devised.

The provision of the primary law for a judicial review of any action or neglect of an official or public officer in connection with the primary law contemplates a court proceeding in each separate instance of wrong or irregularity. As an avenue of redress for yesterday's collapse of the primary election, it would require the institution of thousands of special proceedings, and a resultant clogging of the courts, and the indefinite delay and ultimate defeat of the voter seeking to protect his rights under the primary law. . . .

Without presuming to formulate your course of action, it is manifest, we think, that another primary should be held at once to abate the public sense of outrage, and to solve an intolerable situation.

In commenting upon the results of the primaries, Mr. Roosevelt, at Chicago, declared that the contest in these primaries was not an ordinary factional fight, but a struggle between the idea that the American people are able to govern themselves and the idea that they are to be governed by politicians in alliance with the corrupt elements in big business. He described the primary contest in New York as "a criminal farce," and said that what was done in New York was substantially what was done in Indiana and Colorado. His position he stated substantially in the following sentence: "We ask nothing more than that the people themselves be permitted to say what they want."

MR. ROOSEVELT AT PORTLAND AND CHICAGO

Mr. Roosevelt's speeches at Portland, Maine, and at Chicago were largely devoted to the subject of "Big Business." He emphasized the facts, first, that only through the Progressive movement can we put prosperity on a lasting basis, namely, on a basis of justice to all; second, that the law should be clear and definite, so that men may not be unwitting criminals; and, third, that, while inadequate by itself either effectively to reach "crooked big business" or properly to regulate "big business that is not crooked," to attempt to introduce right behavior merely by a succession of long-drawn-out lawsuits is certain to result in failure and worse than failure. The recent decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases illustrate this, affirmed Mr. Roosevelt.

The two trusts have actually been benefited rather than harmed by the outcome of the suits. The small and innocent stockholders have suffered somewhat, but the big inside men have benefited, for the stocks have risen, and at the same time the consumers have suffered because the price of oil has gone up. Wall Street has been delighted with the outcome, and is now opposing me because I advocate a policy of efficient control, whereas Wall Street much prefers a policy of make-believe destruction which actually leaves the convicted offenders better off than before, although it does seriously unsettle honest business generally. What we need is the creation in the National Government of a commission to deal with big inter-State industrial business along the lines of the work of the Inter-State Commerce Commission in dealing with inter-State railway business and along the lines of the Treasury Department in dealing with the National banks. Such a law would put a stop to crookedness as effectively as we have put a stop to crookedness in the National banks, and yet would do no more harm to honest big business than we now do to the honest banker.

Several thousand people heard Mr. Roosevelt at each place, and, as usual, the speaker's impromptu interpolations were quite as interesting as the text of the prepared address. For instance, at Portland, with a characteristically quick gesture, Mr. Roosevelt made a thrust as if he would throw his manuscript to the floor in his impatience to give vent to a thought which had just struck him, as he said: "We all make mistakes. I make them, but I want to make my own mistakes. I do not want other people to make them for me!" An unlooked-for event at Portland—the breaking down of the stage—gave Mr. Roosevelt the occasion to say, "That's not *my* platform!" On his journey in Illinois and Indiana Mr. Roosevelt was greeted with the greatest enthusiasm.

THE ERDMAN LAW

The introduction in the House of Representatives by Mr. Lee, of Pennsylvania, of a bill extending the so-called Erdman Law to the coal industry calls renewed attention to that law. It now applies only to railways engaged in inter-State commerce. Even there it is limited in scope, for it affects only those employees concerned in the operation of trains. Many railway men are employed in shops, but, when they strike, the Erdman Law has no force. It has done much good, however, for it provides that in disputes between the companies and the men, at the request of either party, the Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Commission and the United States Commissioner of Labor shall endeavor to effect a settlement by mediation and conciliation. That failing, the two Federal officials

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are to seek to effect voluntary arbitration of the controversy through a tribunal of two men, a third arbitrator to be added if the first two cannot agree. Thus in inter-State labor troubles a Federal agency is provided which may set mediatory processes in motion. The effect of the law has been wholly good, and has saved the country from many evils, seen and unseen.

THE CIVIC WORK OF CHRISTIANITY IN CHINA

It is a far cry from the sixth century, when Nestorian missionaries from Persia first brought Christianity to China, to the present time when no less than sixty-five hundred foreign missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, are at work there. Of this number about forty-three hundred are Protestant, and their work is supplemented and furthered by nearly twelve thousand Chinese clergymen, evangelists, and teachers. This may seem a large number, but it is not when we consider that China is larger in area than any other country except Russia and that it has two and one-half times as many people as Russia has. Twelve years ago the Boxers tried to drive foreigners and Christianity from China, and many missionaries were murdered. But so different has been the history since that time from what the Boxers expected it would be that since their uprising the advance in the planting of the church, the Christian school, hospital, and printing-press in China has been greater than in any preceding period. Indeed, more Chinese have joined the church during each month of last year than were baptized during the entire first half-century of missionary effort in China. If the missionaries gave a good account of themselves in 1900, how about 1912? During the past few months there has been such a revolution in China that the American Minister at Peking ordered the foreign women and children to leave the scenes of hostilities. The men, however, as a rule heroically remained at their posts. Fortunately for all concerned, from the beginning of the revolution both sides made any attack upon foreigners punishable by beheading, in consequence of which most foreigners have escaped harm. This new consideration shown to missionaries was specially remarkable at Peking, the capital. Natives of all classes turned toward the missionaries; Chinese and Manchus alike of wealth and rank begged the missionaries to take their commodious houses for use as homes of refuge. A number of such houses were chosen and supplied with provisions to be used in case of a prolonged siege. Thousands of people came, paid a fee, and received in return a ticket which, if a crash came, would admit them to these places of protection. In the adjacent province of Shansi is the city of Taiku. There the Governor actually appointed a Chinese missionary, trained at Oberlin, Ohio, as Chief of Police. What a contrast to twelve years ago, when all the missionaries at Peking were slain! Thus the Chinese have at last recognized that Christianity stands for law and order.

YUAN SHI-KAI'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS CHRISTIANITY

The attitude of President Yuan Shi-kai, of China, towards Christianity is made clear by his reply to the native pastors of the Protestant churches of Peking who asked him to attend a union thanksgiving service. Yuan said that he wanted an interview with them. Accordingly, four Chinese pastors, representing the Presbyterian, Methodist, and Congregational Missions, carried their invitation in person. They were received with the honors accorded to diplomats from foreign Powers, the soldiers saluting them as they would the Minister of the United States or Great Britain. They were escorted into a large hall with foreign furnishings. Here the President met them with assurances of his pleasure in receiving them. He told them that under the new régime they might expect perfect freedom of worship. He intimated that, so far as he understood the principles of Christianity, they were what he was striving for in the new government. He requested them to publish his words regarding religious liberty. Finally, he said that, though he could not accept their invitation in person, he would send a representative. The thanksgiving service was held in the largest church in the city. The interior was resplendent with flags and bunting and mottoes, the striped flag of the new Government holding the most conspicuous place. The President's message was read both in English and Chinese by Dr. Yen, a member of the Wai Wu-pu, or Board of Foreign Affairs, a graduate of the University of Virginia, ex-President of the North China American College Club, and a Christian. The message reads in part as follows:

The Chinese Christians of the Protestant churches in Peking hold to-day a union meeting

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to celebrate the establishment of a republican form of government in China and to thank God that North China has been delivered from the horrors of war. You have courteously invited President Yuan Shi-kai to attend the meeting, an invitation which he highly appreciates. But at the present moment, when the old Government machinery is being replaced by the new, there are a thousand and one things which occupy the time of the President, who has few moments at his own disposal. . . .

Protestant Christianity entered the Orient from the Occident over a century ago. The progress of the Church has been slow and difficult, partly because China was conservative in the olden days and regarded anything new with distrust and suspicion, and partly because the missionary workers, speaking a foreign language, could not make their cause clearly understood. In the past few years the spirit of reform has prevailed among our scholars, who have devoted their attention to Western learning, as well as to Western religions. Thus gradually the objects and policy of Christians have become known.

Moveover, the different missions have achieved much success both in works of charity and in educational institutions. On the one hand, they have conferred many favors on the poor and the destitute, and, on the other, they have carefully trained up many talented young men. For doing both they have won golden opinions from all classes of society. The reputation of Christian missions is growing every day, and the prejudice and the misunderstanding which formerly existed between the Christian and the non-Christian have gradually disappeared, which will surely prove to be for the good of China. . . .

By the grace of Heaven, the Republic of China is an accomplished fact, and the Manchus, Mongols, Mohammedans, and Tibetans have been assured of their religious liberty—establishing for the first time in Chinese history a precedent for religious liberty. When the National Assembly meets and the new constitution is drawn up, we can be assured that an article will be embodied to include the other great religions of the world. Thenceforth all obstacles to liberty of conscience will have been removed from the Republic of China; the five peoples and the distinction between Christians and non-Christians will disappear forever. Members of one great family, with one heart and one soul, we shall all exert ourselves to promote the strength and prosperity and the happiness of the Republic of China.

Nothing could more clearly express the revolution that has taken place in the spirit of China than this message from Yuan Shi-kai.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA

When it became evident, five or six months ago, that the failure of the crops in eastern Russia and Siberia would result in a famine, the prediction was made that the destitution and suffering would be greatest, and the need of help most urgent, in the spring of 1912. This prediction is now being verified. The peasants who had food at the beginning of the winter have exhausted their supply; most of their domestic animals have been killed or sold; the area affected by the food shortage has grown larger and larger; and at the end of February it was estimated that twenty-six million people were in need of relief. Long before the close of the winter starvation diseases began to make their appearance, and, according to a report of the Chief Russian Medical Inspector, published late in February, there had been 1,226 cases of typhoid fever or hunger typhus in the province of Kazan; 5,285 in Perm; 5,401 in Samara; 6,356 in Ufa; and 6,500 in Saratof. Scurvy is practically unknown in western Europe; but before midwinter there had been 474 cases of this disease in the province of Samara, 1,309 in Akmolinsk, and 1,669 in the *oblast*, or territory, of Turgai. This record of nearly 30,000 cases of scurvy, hunger typhus, and typhoid in eight provinces shows how desperate the condition of a large part of the population has become, because there are a hundred people who are suffering for food for every one that has finally been starved into sickness. There are probably ten thousand villages and settlements in eastern Russia, Siberia, and the steppe territories, where the people are suffering more or less intensely from lack of food, clothing, fuel, and lights. In short, the Russian famine is rapidly assuming the dimensions of a terrible national calamity. The Government, in this emergency, is spending tens of millions of dollars in the distribution of food and in the organization of public works intended to furnish the starving peasants with employment; but the misfortune that has befallen the country is so great in magnitude and so disastrous in consequences that the bureaucratic machinery of the State is wholly incapable of dealing with it successfully.

THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE NOT FREE TO ACT

All the relief that the entire nation could give is urgently needed; but the Government steadfastly refuses to allow the nation to participate or co-operate, for the reason that the leaders of the people are largely Liberals, and, if such men were permitted to feed the starving, they might carry on a revolutionary propaganda in the guise of relief work, or at least strengthen their political position on the eve of an elec-

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tion for a new Duma. Such men, therefore, must be kept out of the field. "If you want to help the famine sufferers," the Government says to the people, "turn your money over to us, and we will have our officials distribute the food that it buys." But the people do not trust the officials. One of the latter in the province of Samara has just been sentenced to three years in a convict company for embezzling $52,000 of relief funds in the famine of 1907, and everybody knows that a dozen bureaucratic thieves go free for every one that is caught. The people want to have their money spent by representatives of their own, in whom they have confidence, and they will not turn it over to the Government, to the semi-bureaucratic Red Cross, or to the executive boards of reactionary zemstvos. If the Free Economic Society, the Piragof Medical Society, the Imperial Technical Society, or the Society for the Preservation of the Public Health, were allowed to collect funds for relief work on a national scale, and to supervise the expenditure of such funds in the field, millions of rubles might be raised in a few weeks; but these societies can hardly make a move without running against a hostile rule or regulation. The extent to which governmental repression goes can scarcely be credited in countries where such repression is unknown. Newspapers are forbidden to open subscriptions for famine relief; benevolent societies are forbidden to show magic-lantern pictures of famine sufferers; clubs are forbidden to get up entertainments for the benefit of the starving peasants; journals that print harrowing descriptions of the state of affairs in the famine-stricken villages are fined five hundred rubles for "exciting the public mind;" and the Educational Society of Moscow is not allowed even to discuss the question of raising money for the relief of starving school-children. On the 23d of February the educational authorities of Tsaritsin had registered in their books the names of 2,365 school-children who were suffering for food; and yet, on that same day, Representative Berdnikof, of the Samara zemstvo, was forbidden by the police to furnish the children of three schools with hot breakfasts at his own expense. Many pages of The Outlook might be filled with cases of this kind, but those cited above are typical, and must suffice. The people of the United States would doubtless be glad to extend a helping hand to Russia in this famine, as they did in the famine of 1891–1892; but if the Russian people were only free to act, they would not need help. It is their Government that prevents them from going to the relief of their own suffering fellow-citizens. The Outlook recommends that Americans who wish to aid the sufferers send contributions through Mr. Hamilton Holt, Treasurer of the Friends of Russian Freedom, 135 East Fifteenth Street, New York City.

CYRENE

The three thousand members of the Archæological Institute of America recently petitioned President Taft to take the initiative in bringing about peace between Italy and Turkey. First, because it is the humane thing to do, and the President, says the petition, is in a position to urge this with special force; second, because the cultural interests of mankind are disturbed. Italy is a nation conspicuous for contributions to civilization, and Turkey is an empire that is struggling toward higher things. Within the confines of that Empire are more sites consecrated by movements toward intellectual and spiritual emancipation, affirm the petitioners, than may be found in all the earth besides. Cyrene is one of those sites. From it radiated the ancient North African civilization. Cyrene dominated the Cyrenaica—now eastern Tripoli. The American excavations at Cyrene have been directed by Professor Richard Norton, of Harvard. The *iradé*, or permission, for the excavation was granted in May, 1910, and work began in October of that year, continuing to May, 1911. There was every expectation of continuing it during the succeeding season, but of course the Italo-Turkish war over Tripoli interrupted it. Enough has been uncovered, however, to show the position of the palaces on the acropolis, and enough has been taken out of the ruins in the way of sculptures, bronzes, inscriptions, lamps, terra cottas, and coins to indicate the state of civilization once existing there. This is revealed most of all by a necropolis of great extent, comprising many thousand tombs and showing Cyrene to have once been a city so large and wealthy that all the Greek arts of hand and mind were cultivated there. The methods of archæological research, interesting in any place, were particularly so at Cyrene. The most puzzling problem was how to choose the workmen. There were ten sheiks, or chiefs, in the neighborhood, each of whom thought that he

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had a right to demand employment for some of his followers. Dr. Norton could come to a peaceful arrangement only by taking some of the followers of each sheik and paying them ten piasters (about thirty cents) a day, the sheiks themselves undertaking to act as overseers and to be responsible for the tools. About a hundred workmen were engaged. The work was not made easier, however, by the existence of blood feuds among the various clans, nor by the jealousy of the Arabs who lived at a distance and did not share in the money received from the Americans. These were all Beduin Arabs, not a clean people physically, says Dr. Slayden, the medical officer of the expedition, and certainly sunk in the depths of bigotry and superstition. We have a fine example of the success of a humane endeavor which may in this instance be regarded as a by-product of the main aim—archæology—for in the course of the report we read that Dr. Slayden not only took care of the American members of the expedition, but also of over seven hundred Arab patients. The commonest disease, says he, is ophthalmia; the next most prevalent are syphilis and tuberculosis. Americans will be surprised to learn that Cyrene, although in the tropics, is like the modern Caracas, the capital of Venezuela, a city having an enviable climate. From October to May, we learn from Dr. Slayden's report, the temperature was never tropical, and at times was cold. In February there was a slight fall of snow. The coolness of the climate is, like that of Caracas, doubtless determined by the height of Cyrene above sea-level.

RURAL NURSING Almost every intelligent American knows something about the remarkable work which the trained hospital nurse is now doing in this country. But the trained nurse can be found generally only in our cities. Sufferers from surgical operations or disease who live in the country, or even prosperous country villages, have to send to the nearest large center to get the benefits of professional nursing. Moreover, the education of hospital-trained nurses is so exacting and so expensive that only the very well to do can afford the benefit of their services. Nevertheless, as Dr. William H. Welch, the distinguished pathologist of the Johns Hopkins University, has pointed out, the development of modern surgery and hygiene, of which hospital nursing is an essential accompaniment, has reduced the death rate in New York City since 1866 "from thirty-five per thousand to less than sixteen, and twelve years have been added to the average expectation of life." A comparatively new development in preventive medicine and curative surgery is found in the growth of rural visiting nursing. Pioneer work in this field was started in 1896 at Mount Kisco, Westchester, New York, by a graduate nurse of Johns Hopkins Hospital. Out of this has grown the organization in Baltimore, the seat of Johns Hopkins University, of the Holman Association, a brief account of which we gave to our readers about a year ago. Its President is Dr. William H. Welch, and its object is "the promotion of rural nursing, hygiene, and social service." It takes its name from Miss Lydia Holman, a hospital nurse who in 1900 settled in the mountains of North Carolina, after having been called to an out-of-the-way place in those mountains to attend a typhoid fever patient. Miss Holman remained in this mountain region and established the work of rural nursing in a community which needed it greatly, and carried it on single-handed until the Holman Association enabled her to make her work an organized effort in the promotion of rural hygiene and hospital care. When The Outlook published, a year ago, an account of this work, it was resented by some of the physicians in the immediate neighborhood of Miss Holman, but their criticism has now apparently died away in their recognition of the fact that the object of the Holman Association is not to obstruct but to promote medical and hygienic care on the most modern scientific basis. Similar work is being carried on in South Carolina, in Virginia, and in Kentucky. Miss Holman herself at the beginning met with skepticism and suspicion. But that has passed away, and the small but efficient hospital and nurses' home which have been built in the village at which Miss Holman makes her headquarters have impressed the immediate community with their practical value. What may be done in the way of hospital hygiene with simple means is shown by the fact that the two wards and operating-room of the first rural hospital directed by Miss Holman are covered, not with tiles, as they are in the modern city hospital, but with white enameled oilcloth, which can be easily washed and made antiseptic. The hospital has two wards, with a capacity of fifteen beds; a good-sized, well-lighted operating-room; patients' bath-room,

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sterilizing-room, doctors' room, and one room to be used for very ill patients. The kitchen, dining and store rooms, and offices are in a detached building, connected by a covered way. This, so far as we know, is the first distinctly rural hospital in this country, with the exception of those which have been erected by manufacturing, mining, or railway corporations for the benefit of their employees. The Holman Association, which may be addressed at 904 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland, deserves the consideration and support of those who believe, as we do, that the development of isolated rural life in America is of great importance to our National welfare.

TRUE NEWSPAPER ART

The atrocities committed in the name of art by newspaper color supplements have been so many and so deplorable that it is a sincere pleasure to record an instance of true art purpose and worthy achievement in the form of a color supplement. The New York "Times" in its Easter Number (March 24) in eight large pages reproduced complete the late Edwin A. Abbey's remarkable and beautiful "Holy Grail." These fifteen panels form, as our readers know, one of the chief art adornments of the Boston Public Library—one might say, perhaps, the chief adornment, for, though they share the honor with the work of Sargent and Puvis de Chavannes, there can be little doubt that, from the point of view both of art and public interest, they are pre-eminent. The reproductions faithfully render the richness of color, the spiritual significance, and the mystical story-telling element of the originals. This supplement is not only praiseworthy but extraordinary, when the exigencies of newspaper work are considered. It may be fervently hoped that its publication will suggest to other journals the possibilities that lie in the direction of genuine art supplements in color.

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

The purchase of the Orchard House at Concord, Massachusetts, with which the Alcott family was so intimately connected, as a memorial to Louisa May Alcott, was one of those eminently appropriate expressions of gratitude and affection which occasionally unite good taste, historic interest, and personal affection in the commemoration of the life and work of a public servant; for any one who contributes to the Nation's reading matter as much wholesome, sound, and interesting material as was contributed by Miss Alcott, is a public person, and far more worthy of being held in perpetual memory than many men of high station in political life. Concord is in itself a memorial of the greatest period, so far, in American literature; and the Orchard House is a bit of old New England, beautifully framed. The old village will always be a Mecca for literary pilgrims; and every locality with which the names of Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Miss Alcott are associated ought to be spared as far as possible the touch of time. The contributions received by the Alcott Committee amount to six thousand dollars, and the pleasant feature of the collection of the money has been that it has come in small amounts from all parts of the country, and from England, Italy, and South America. The Orchard House has been placed in excellent repair, and the Committee are endeavoring to secure, wherever possible, articles which originally belonged in the house or were directly associated with the Alcott family. They propose to put the house, as far as possible, in precisely the condition in which the Alcott family left it. The "tree of the owl's nest" fell last November, and is being utilized by the Committee in the form of souvenirs. The sum of two thousand dollars is still needed as the beginning of an endowment to cover the running expenses and the permanent care of the house, which will be open to visitors on the first of April, with an admission fee of twenty-five cents.

A MEMORIAL TO NEW BEDFORD WHALEMEN

A community which has been so definitely identified with one industry as the pleasant old seaport town of New Bedford ought to have some artistic representation or interpretation of the source of its fortunes which should teach its history to the people in the parks and streets; and when, as in the case of New Bedford, that industry is allied with adventure and heroism, it is not difficult for an artist to impersonate it in an impressive and significant form, so that it becomes only incidentally a historical document, and primarily a thing of beauty. The Hon. William W. Crapo, of New Bedford, a venerated citizen, of delightful quality of mind and of eminent public services

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in the past, has commissioned the Boston sculptor Bela L. Pratt to design a whaleman's statue, which Mr. Crapo proposes to present to the city as a memorial to the men whose skill, hardihood, and daring brought fame and fortune to New Bedford and made its name known in every seaport on the globe. This statue Mr. Crapo asks the privilege of presenting to the city "as a tribute to the citizenship which I have so long enjoyed." Mr. Pratt has designed a young whaleman in the pose of throwing the harpoon from the bow of a whaleboat, the figure representing youth, daring, independence, and efficiency. It will be larger than life; the pedestal and background will be of granite to harmonize with the tone of the library building, in case that site is selected. On the face of the background the sculptor proposes to suggest the sea and the sky, with sea-birds floating along on wing, and at the lower right-hand corner a quotation from "Moby Dick," Herman Melville's story of whaling life, "A Dead Whale or a Stove Boat!" The question of location is still to be settled; but Mr. Crapo's suggestion will undoubtedly be accepted by the city, and affords a fine example of a contribution to the art of a city which is at the same time a record and interpretation of its local history.

THE RESTRICTION OF MARRIAGE

The Very Rev. Walter Taylor Sumner, Dean of the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul, Chicago, who was the head of the Chicago Vice Commission, has announced that hereafter no marriage will be performed by any of the clergymen attached to the parish until the contracting parties have obtained a "clean bill of health," signed by a reputable physician, to the effect that they are normal physically and mentally, and have neither an incurable nor communicable disease. "This step," added the Dean, "has been taken only after months of study of the situation and deliberation as to its advisability. It is believed that this stand will meet with the immediate sympathy of the clergy in the Church at large, all of whom have long felt the undesirability of being party to the marriage of persons who, because of their physical condition, should never be allowed to enter into the marriage state." Dean Sumner's plan would provide that a young couple desiring to enter the bonds of matrimony shall first visit a physician of repute, and be separately examined as to physical qualifications and freedom from infectious diseases. The certificate the doctor will then issue must be taken back to the cathedral, and presented to the clergyman who is to perform the ceremony of marriage, together with the civic license. "As matters now stand, a marriage certificate issued by this cathedral means no more than does a marriage license issued by the County Clerk," said Dean Sumner, as reported. "Everybody knows that in Chicago there has been an attempt made by the State to supervise the desires of those who wish to marry. All the man has to do is to visit the office of the clerk, and poke through the window a slip of paper with the name of the female written upon it alongside of his own. But we will make the certificate issued by the cathedral stand from this time on for absolute purity. Our seal upon the certificate will speak volumes." Dean Sumner's announcement was made, of course, with Bishop Anderson's consent. The plan appeals also to the sympathy of other clergymen. For instance, Bishop Fallows, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, is quoted as saying:

> I am one of the Directors of the Juvenile Association, and for this reason I am naturally in favor of Dean Sumner's plan. In our Association we care for the children who have been born with diseases. There are many more such cases than one would imagine possible, and this means that there is a great need for some step in the direction of purifying the marriage ceremony. But I believe that Dean Sumner is ahead of his time. I hardly think the Church is yet ready to take up a move of this sort, but there certainly is a need for some sort of legislation on the subject of eugenics, and it is my belief that the action of the cathedral ministers will go far toward attracting attention to this need.

Why, indeed, should not the Church do what it can to protect the innocent and clean from the guilty and diseased?

AN ASSAY OF EASTERN COINS

Governments, like individuals, must do right, or be found out and suffer the consequences. A story of courage, lately made known, illustrates this. The principal Persian silver piece of money is the standard of values not only in Persia, but in southern and eastern Russia and in northern

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China, just as is the Mexican dollar in southern China. For many years the Shah of Persia contracted with an English firm in Tabriz, the principal city in northern Persia, to coin this piece for the Government. It was to be of a certain fineness, and the contractors loyally lived up to their obligation. Great pressure had long been brought upon the Government of the late Shah to give the contract to the Imperial Mint of Russia, and at last he yielded. The new coins were in all outward appearance identical with the old. After they had been in circulation about a year the leader of a caravan, on his way from Mongolia to the interesting fair of Nijni Novgorod in Russia, passed through a northern Persian town. He called upon a merchant and showed him some of the new coins, and asked what was the matter with them. The merchant told him that he knew nothing against them. The traveler said that the workers in silver in Mongolia were complaining that the silver did not act right, or, at any rate, not like that in the former coins; that the new were being discriminated against in his country. He asked if there was no way of finding what caused the difference. The merchant told him that he would send one of the old coins and one of the new to an assayer, and that on the return of the traveler he would be able to tell him what, if any, difference there was. The result of the assay showed that the pieces coined in Russia contained a large proportion of base alloy—evidently somebody was getting a "rake-off." The traveler departed, but surprisingly soon, by the wireless telegraphy of the steppes, the news was spread, and in a short time, in Mongolia, Turkestan, and Siberia, the people began to refuse to accept the new coinage unless at a discount. The coins began to accumulate in the treasury, to the surprise of the Government, which had suspected nothing. The Government then had the coins tested, and confirmed the result of the previous assay. It was too late to rehabilitate the new coin in the eyes of the nations of the East, and the Shah was compelled to cancel the larger contract, and again to contract with the private firm at Tabriz. When Japan absorbed Korea, the coinage was changed. As fast as the coppers came into the Government offices they were exchanged for new coins, until the Japanese Government had accumulated many tons. These were supposed to be fairly pure copper, and, as they contained small amounts of gold and silver, they were sold to refiners in America, who contracted for them on this assumption; but upon arrival and assay they were found in many cases to be adulterated with as much as twenty per cent of zinc. The opposite thing happened years ago when the petty German States were incorporated into the German Federation and their separate coinage was discontinued. The old house of Rothschild at Frankfort, which began its existence as money-changers, purchased the copper coins and had them assayed. They found that they had been made from copper which contained considerable silver and gold. They likewise shipped these coins to America, and received the market price for the copper and an additional payment for the gold and silver contents, making a handsome profit.

THE LIFE IMMORTAL

When the first Easter morning broke over the world, the empty tomb was the solitary evidence of immortality. The great thought of immortal life had dawned on a few men of vision, but it was like a remote star dimly seen beyond a great stretch of black clouds. The earth lay in darkness; the gods had deserted their ancient shrines, and faiths venerable with age and dear to uncounted generations of worshipers were withering at the root; a brief, delusive peace held the world quiet for a moment, but the races were alien to one another; and fear and hate, bred of ignorance and misunderstanding, reigned in the hearts of men. And coming swiftly on were war and famine and manifold sorrows and centuries of turmoil and suffering. The light which rested on the empty tomb was a solitary ray breaking through storm-driven clouds that covered the sky and darkened the earth.

To-day the risen Christ is surrounded by a mighty host of witnesses, and the immortality which he brought to light is wrought into the life of humanity. There are still those who doubt and question and deny; but they are a little company compared with the mighty host who have made Easter morning ring with their songs of victory. The pain of death, the anguish of parting, remain; but they who pass on into the next stage of the unbroken life go, not into a vast shadow-

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land to become mere shadows, or into an impenetrable darkness; "they are all gone into a world of light." Those who loved the Christ with slowly dawning intelligence, and were scattered like chaff in the wind at the awful hour of crucifixion, saw him with clear eyes on the first Easter morning, and, with songs of joy, repeated far and wide the glorious story of the victory over death. Immortality was no longer the dream of a few rare spirits to whom the vision of far-off things was given; it was a historical fact, for Christ had risen from the dead. They were doubters and slow of faith, but they had seen him by the way; had broken bread with him; had heard the voice which had spoken the great words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and been silenced by death, calling them again by name and speaking, with the authority of one who had passed through the valley of death and come forth radiant with life, the great words of comfort and assurance.

And, behold! the slow of speech had become eloquent, and the doubters had become preachers of immortality, and the cowards had become heroes; and henceforth they went their various ways to death with joy in their hearts. They were the earliest witnesses to the resurrection; they had seen, and knew whereof they spoke. And a mighty host has gathered about them since they gave their testimony and passed on into the richer life. In every generation uncounted believers have died in the peace of the faith to which the Apostles bore witness. They have met death in a thousand forms with a confidence which the manifold agonies of disease and martyrdom have not shaken. "They may kill us," said an old bishop as they took him to the place of execution, "but they cannot harm us." And millions of the sorrowful have looked at the dead with tear-dimmed eyes but not with broken hearts; for in the darkest night of sorrow they have heard the great words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," and have learned in the loneliness of separation that there are no dead and that the irresistible power of Life holds all men in an unbroken company in the household of the Father, living in many mansions but living always in his presence. The little company of the first witnesses has become a mighty host who have found the risen Lord in the time of sorrow and who know whereof they believe; and whose victory over despair is the evidence, not of those who dream, but of those who have passed through the great experience and have found that the promise of strength is fulfilled.

Immortality is not only a faith which has been tested by millions and found unshakable; it is the daily practice of other millions. All who live as "seeing him who is invisible," and whose lives are conformed, not to the standards of the time, but to eternal principles; to whom love is the supreme law of life and service its supreme privilege; who are the faithful followers of the Christ who is no longer visible to the eye, but the intimate companion of the spirit of all who open their lives to him—all these practice immortality and are witnesses to the truth that it is not only a sublime faith, but a mighty and inspiring fact.

This is the testimony of those who have believed and gone fearlessly into the darkness with this light in their hands; there is also the irresistible testimony of the increasing authority of the Christ who brought immortality to light. When he spoke the great words of hope in the ears of men, he was obscure and unknown; a teacher of beautiful but impracticable ideals in a world of hard realities; a shining figure of righteousness among men set, by the very nature within and without them, in the ways of evil. His words brought infinite peace, and life flowed from the hem of his garments; but he taught principles of conduct which could not be practiced, and went his tragic way to death because he strove single-handed against unchangeable and all-powerful forces of evil in the world—so they said who mocked and scourged and slew him; but more and more the world sees that he spoke not only the words of heavenly hope but of earthly wisdom; that of all the great teachers he was not only the most Godlike but the wisest and sanest. There is, indeed, no safety for man except in the path the Master trod, and no safety for society except in the daily practice of his principles. One by one, slowly and painfully and imperfectly, the truths which men once rejected have been accepted; slowly, painfully, imperfectly, love as the supreme principle of life gains way, and weary hearts and despairing minds turn to it more and more as the one power that can save society and make the world a place of justice and hope and peace. And every triumph of the truth he taught and every acceptance of the faith in the Father

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in which he lived and died adds new weight to the Christ's testimony to immortality. The rejected teacher of this sublime truth has become the most commanding witness in history.

Other witnesses gather about this great figure, this Son of God who called himself the Son of Man. Science knows nothing of faith; she has another service to render; but science sets the stage for the drama of faith, and throws upon it the lights or shadows of the truths she has discovered. And science declares that the energy which takes many forms, as light and heat and electricity, is indestructible, and so becomes friendly to the indestructibility of that most mysterious form of energy which we call personality; she dissipates the clouds that cover the past, and reveals a growing world, and man climbing slowly and painfully the long stairway of progress. "It is an intolerable thought," wrote Darwin, "that man and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress." To the believer in Christ, the practitioner of immortality, it is an impossible thought. The wonderful stairway upward is the great altar-stairs to God. As the veils are lifted, one by one the being we call man becomes more mysterious and wonderful; there are soundless recesses in his nature, fathomless depths, unused faculties and undeveloped powers, for which this stage of life affords neither time nor place. The potentialities of eternity are folded within him waiting the call of another sun and a greater day than ours. His ideas of justice outrun the rude practice of the world, his capacity for love leaves him dumb because no language of book or picture or sculpture or architecture can express it. He has died for it a thousand times, but he has never yet spoken it; for his speech is mortal and he is immortal, and his capacity for love is infinite.

He has made a long and terrible journey; his path has been the road to Calvary; he has suffered uncounted agonies and borne crushing burdens; the very ground on which he has toiled bears the evidence of the long tragedy of his history; he has sometimes sunk into awful depths of evil, and he has climbed to great heights whence the whole heavens have swung into his view; and he still hopes and suffers and aspires and strives and climbs. There is only one possible end to his journey—God; there is only one possible explanation of his journey—the gloriously hard education of an Immortal. For we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be.

A CALL TO ARMS

A leader in the modern democratic movement, and a writer of high authority, has said that in our country alone have the high hopes of popular government been realized. The experiment of government by the people has not wholly failed in France, but it has not yet gathered to itself the full resources of the French people, their common loyalty, the splendid energy of their imagination, their genius for social life. It has done much in the face of great obstacles, it has gone far in spite of serious hindrances and dangerous opposition, but it has not yet bound the whole people to itself in the bands of a great brotherhood resting immovably on social justice.

In this country popular government has rendered great and lasting services to humanity. It has kept an open door for all who wanted to better their condition; it has made education nation-wide; it has shown itself capable of sublime self-sacrifice in maintaining the principles for which it stands; it has been a colossal public school for the education of the people in the uses of freedom. All this and much more it has done, but that it has entirely fulfilled the great hopes of the lovers of freedom throughout the world no intelligent man will claim.

Many unjust charges have been made against it, but too many charges have been sustained. Its municipal governments from the Atlantic to the Pacific have been discredited by corruption and inefficiency, and many of the men who have directed their affairs are convicted criminals, and more ought to be. The States which are really governed by the people can be counted on the fingers of two hands. An elaborate system of interlocked business and politics has assumed such proportions that it has, over half the country, usurped the functions of government. The politicians talk much about the "will of the people" as the supreme law, but they do it with their tongues in their cheeks; they have devised an extra-governmental system which blocks and defeats that will at every turn. It is not too much to say that in many States popular elections are a sham. It is the consciousness that they are bound

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hand and foot by invisible shackles that has filled a great many Americans with a kind of despair and awakened in others a passionate resentment. The greed of a small group of capitalists is responsible for the great revolt against the organized tyranny of money in mean and unscrupulous hands; and the stupidity of machines and the selfishness of politicians who have basely organized the generous opportunities which popular institutions furnish for private ends, and have betrayed freedom in the house of its friends, have set in motion a new struggle for self-government which will not stop short of complete recovery of the power which has been stolen and misappropriated.

In Switzerland, and in Switzerland alone, has popular government realized the hopes of the lovers of freedom by its efficiency and purity; and in that country, sharply divided by racial and religious lines, the people are not only prosperous, but content. Why? Because Switzerland is a pure democracy, ruled by the whole people. Democracy has partly failed in this country because it has been only partly tried, and for a generation has been practically abandoned. Many good people accept the government of self-chosen rulers in this country because they have lost hope for democracy; many because they put more faith in bosses than in the people. If the government of many of the States had been suddenly seized by the men who now control them, there would be a tremendous popular uprising; but the usurpation has been so gradual that, as in the case of other crimes with which men become too familiar, the betrayal has lost its aspect of hideous treason to human rights and hopes, and people have accepted it as inevitable.

The real fight to-day is to awaken Americans from their sleep and evoke once more their love of freedom, their hatred of political and social injustice, their faith in humanity. The fundamental struggle is not to introduce new means and methods like the initiative, the referendum, and the recall in some of its various forms, but to establish the rule of the people. Mr. Roosevelt's Carnegie Hall speech, published in The Outlook two weeks ago, was a call to arms to Americans who have fallen asleep at their posts and a warning that great and serious dangers are at hand. It was a ringing declaration of war against the rule of special interests of every kind; a stirring reiteration of the right of the people to rule. It was not, save in misleading headlines, a plea for a change of government; it was a demand that government fulfill its functions; it was not the outcry of a revolutionist; it was the warning and the appeal of a leader who sees that safety lies only in justice and that the sovereign remedy for unrest is justice, and that no government is so stable and safe as that which rests, broad-based, on the love and trust of all the people. Whatever may be the political fortunes of Mr. Roosevelt, he has laid down the lines along which the great American democracy will advance.

AMERICAN MUSIC

The recent highly successful concert in New York City of the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, in the course of its Eastern tour, is one of the encouraging signs of the growth of American musical taste and knowledge. No European country—not even Germany—can boast of finer orchestras, bands, opera companies, or professional music recitals than are enjoyed by music lovers in a few of the great centers of this country. But a love for music as one of the great fine arts and a knowledge of the history and works of the great composers are not yet as general in the United States as in Germany, or even in Italy. This is not because the American people lack an innate interest in music, but because it has been so long regarded as a mere pastime, and perhaps even merely a graceful feminine accomplishment.

Those who are trying in American universities, colleges, and schools to teach students who are seeking a broad culture that Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms deserve the same kind of respect that is paid to Rembrandt, Raphael, and Rubens, or to Spenser, Shakespeare, and Shelley, too often meet with indifference or skepticism. In spite of this indifference and skepticism, no man or woman who lays claim to a broad culture can justly do so without some knowledge of the great musical compositions of modern civilization. A man who says that he knows nothing about Shakespeare, but "knows what he likes" in poetry, can hardly be said to have any literary education.

Those who believe that a well-trained love of music goes hand in hand with a love of the best poetry, and even of the best prose,

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must welcome the great work which is being done in this country, often unheralded by the newspapers, in the direction of popular musical education. We do not now refer to the concerts of great orchestras, or of organizations like the Kneisel, Flonzaly, and Olive Mead Quartets, or of the performance of famous singers and instrumentalists in concerts which can be heard by only a few of the millions in this country. In addition to such famous organizations there are scores of agencies which in a very quiet way are exercising an educational and lasting influence upon musical knowledge and taste. These agencies, whether they are in educational institutions or in church organizations or in local choral societies, deserve the appreciation of all those who believe that true culture consists "in knowing the best that has been thought and said in the world." For music affords a vehicle for the expression of a kind of thought and beauty which can be expressed in no other way.

Sometimes the work of creating and supplying the popular demand for good music is carried on by a municipality, as in the case of the open-air concerts in Central Park and on the recreation piers during the summer; sometimes by private philanthropy, as in the case of the remarkable Music School Settlement, which both teaches music and gives concerts of good music for the benefit of the people on the East Side of New York City; sometimes by church organizations, as in the case of the old Presbyterian church at Fifth Avenue and Eleventh Street in New York City, which during the past winter has given a series of free organ recitals of the best music on Monday nights; sometimes by the newspapers, as in the case of the great concert on Christmas Day in the streets of San Francisco, at which 100,000 people massed to hear Jan Kubelik, David Bispham, and other distinguished artists, at the invitation of the San Francisco "Examiner," or in the case of the New York "World," which last year gave a fund of $10,000 to provide concerts of the best music in the public schools and educational institutions of New York City during the season. One of these concerts made possible by the New York "World" was recently given in the very beautiful Assembly Hall of the College of the City of New York. It was a free concert, and the hall was packed to the doors by an audience of nearly three thousand people, who heard Beethoven's "Leonore Overture," Mendelssohn's "Scotch Symphony," and Goldmark's "Sakuntala Overture" admirably played by an excellent symphonic orchestra. A large number of this great audience were people whom the comparatively expensive concerts in Carnegie Hall do not and cannot reach. The College of the City of New York, whose standards of scholarship under the able administration of its President, Dr. John H. Finley, give it a deservedly excellent standing among the academic institutions of the country, is an integral part of the public school system of New York City, and it is doing an admirable work in the field of music. For the last four years, on Wednesday and Sunday afternoons during the winter, free public organ recitals have been given in its beautiful Assembly Hall under the direction of Professor Baldwin, the head of its Department of Music. What the City College is doing in this direction is best expressed in the words of Professor Baldwin:

> Since the completion of the organ in February, 1908, more than 240 recitals have been given. These recitals represent a desire on the part of the College authorities to make the fullest possible use of the Great Hall and its superb organ in the interests of the community as a whole. On Sundays the Hall is filled to its utmost capacity, the attendance frequently reaching 2,500. Since the beginning in February, 1908, 300,000 people have attended these recitals. The programmes have been of the highest character—the great masterpieces of organ composition have been frequently played, together with arrangements of the best orchestral and operatic compositions readily within the comprehension of all. Among the students the Department works along lines which tend to foster a study of music from the standpoint of its value as a means of general culture and inspiration. There is a course in the History and Appreciation of Music offered to students in the senior year which is now taken by the majority of the upper classmen.

This work in the development of musical appreciation by the City College is referred to, not as an exceptional instance, but as typical in a high degree of what is going on in many American cities and towns. What we wish especially to call attention to is the fact that good taste in literature, art, architecture, and music is the fruit, not of theoretical teaching, but of a well-directed experience. To appreciate good music one must hear it, as to appreciate good literature one must read it. "The understanding of music," says an Oxford writer, "depends neither upon technical knowledge nor upon convention, but upon the listener's immediate and familiar experience of it; an experience which

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technical knowledge and custom can, of course, aid him to acquire more rapidly, as they strengthen his memory and enable him to fix impressions by naming them."

The value of music in cultural education is perhaps more keenly realized to-day by the leading Negro educators of the country than it is by the leaders of education among the whites. Music plays an important part in the scheme of education at Hampton, Tuskegee, and Fisk, and the result is that the Negro students of those institutions, in preserving and writing down and performing their old-time plantation or folk songs, are making the only original contribution to music that is being made, or probably can be made, by Americans. Some day some Negro graduate of one of these institutions will write a symphony based upon themes of American Negro folk songs which will do for this country what Grieg has done for the folk-songs of the Scandinavian countries, or what Sir Charles Villiers Stamford has done for his native country, Ireland, in the composition of his beautiful Irish Symphony.

CHINA NEEDS SYMPATHY

It is an old saying that a people gets as good a government as it deserves, and it is true that the Chinese, as a whole, are not yet worthy of the blessings of self-rule. This is the case, first, because general intelligence is not yet, and will not soon be, widely diffused among the Chinese. It is true, secondly, because the Chinese people as a whole do not yet regard public moneys as a public trust; even famine committees and Red Cross work must be supervised by foreigners to make sure that funds are properly applied. In the third place—apart from a few hundred young Chinese educated here and in England—there is little conception of disinterested personal service to the State.

Because of these and other reasons, the Chinese at their present stage of development can hardly "run" a republic in the American sense of that word. To expect it would be absurd. Of course it may be said that for centuries they have ruled themselves in petty local affairs. The village elders have led communities, and, in what little government is necessary, they even punish murder without official intervention.

But such a system must not be confounded with modern republican government as we understand it. Of it the Chinese know practically nothing. This is seen from the fact that—save in the departments of education and transportation, and this under foreign pressure—the Chinese have done hardly anything in the way of public works or municipal matters, or even in the way of successful warfare. Nor is this all. The Chinese have not even shown their capacity spontaneously to unite in the industrial and commercial world; strange as it may seem, there is but one large purely Chinese company, namely, the Chinese Merchants' Steam Navigation Company.

This lack of organizing power makes it impossible for the Chinese to establish the kind of republic that we have in the United States. In their wish to get rid of the old, corrupt, inefficient Manchu rule they are not even going to establish a constitutional monarchy, for fear, forsooth, that it might carry the remnants of that rule! So they are starting a republic as a form of government more representative of the people. The bulk of the Chinese have not the least notion of what a really representative government is, for, like the Japanese, the Chinese Government has always been managed by a very few men. Hence the representatives of the people, as we have already seen by the example of those at Nanking, where the rump Assembly was recently held, may not necessarily be elected; they may gain place some other way. The chief thing with most of the Chinese reformers is that the new Government shall not be a reminder of the old form.

Will the new Government last? Because of internal disorder, together with the always-to-be-feared foreign complications, it may suddenly become a military dictatorship. It may even develop into an oligarchy. Ultimately it may take the form of a constitutional monarchy; many competent observers of Chinese conditions believe that to be the best form of government for China. Indeed, they question whether any other form can endure. But, in any event, whether under one form or another of government, in order to face internal and external peril China must become united and coherent.

For the present we who have achieved a great measure of liberty and justice in America should be the first to recognize that an epoch-making revolution has taken place in China, with these ideals as its aims. Some

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of the leaders of that revolution may be superficial people. Others may be self-seekers. Others may be rogues and rascals. It is likely that the leaders will fall out among themselves. But no matter. The new Government has made a good start.

We may believe that a strong centralized government like a constitutional monarchy is at present the only government suited to China, and we may believe that the new republic is neither strong nor centralized. Yet we have none the less a certain immediate duty to the new republic, and that is to give it what sympathy we can, in no way to impede the progress that republican rule has so far been able to accomplish, and, in any case, not to discourage the millions of Chinese who now have a feeling that they have secured something like liberty and justice for themselves.

THE ENEMY AT THE GATE

If we might have a few minutes' conference with each mature reader of The Outlook, we should speak somewhat as follows:

You should read Dr. Schlapp's article, printed in this issue. You may not enjoy reading it. We do not suggest your reading it because it will give you pleasure, or even because it will bring you any immediate personal advantage; but because it will start you thinking about something that concerns the welfare of the race.

When the nation is menaced by an armed enemy, the good citizen responds as a volunteer, not because he expects to enjoy the adventure of battle, or because he imagines that he or his household will reap an immediate advantage; but because he is concerned for the welfare of his country. He does his duty because of patriotism. He knows that the nation cannot be defended except as the individuals that make up the nation defend it.

So the race will be preserved only as those individuals that compose the race act in such a way as to preserve it. You are one of those individuals. It is on the ground of race patriotism that we ask you to read Dr. Schlapp's article.

If you do, you may question his statements of fact. Very well; you have the right to do so. Only remember that merely questioning them is not disproving them. Dr. Max G. Schlapp, who makes them, is an authority on this subject. He is the head of the Department of Neuropathology in the Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital of New York City, and holds a similar position in the Cornell Medical School. He not only is a specialist in the diseases of the nervous system, but he also, as volunteer examiner of children brought before the Children's Court in New York City, has had an unusual opportunity of observing the relation between delinquency and mental defectiveness. The statistics he cites are but illustrative examples selected from a large number of tables of figures collected by him from official sources. His figures are derived from the records of industrial countries; and his conclusions are especially applicable to industrial communities.

The substance of Dr. Schlapp's article may be briefly stated: That the strain of modern industrial life is having an effect upon men, and especially upon women, that can be traced biologically; that it is such as to impair the vigor and the faculties of a great proportion of children that are in these days being born into the world; that the effect is seen in injury to motherhood, in a reduced birth rate, in an increase in the proportion of the mentally defective, the mentally unbalanced, and the delinquent; and that the resultant conditions are such that only by a radical change in the present tendencies can modern civilized peoples be saved from going the way of the Greeks and the Romans.

This is a physician's diagnosis and a physician's warning.

The pessimist who is a pessimist because it is easier to believe that evils are inevitable than it is to try to correct them will accept this article as a confirmation of his pessimism and as an excuse for his indolence.

The optimist who is an optimist because it is pleasanter to believe that evils will correct themselves than it is to try to correct them will regard this article as an intrusion upon his optimism and as a needless alarm.

The meliorist, however—one who knows there are evils, but believes in man's power to conquer them—will give heed to Dr. Schlapp's words and then ask what can be done.

There are many things to be done. Let us suggest some of them:

First, there are those things that can, to quote from the article, "alleviate the wrong conditions that now exist." Society should discover who are the feeble-minded and

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mentally defective, should see to it that they are provided, as far as possible, with special means of education, and should make sure that those who cannot be safely left to private care be segregated where they can be properly protected, and at the same time be prevented from becoming a menace to others. In particular, society should not only provide suitable children's courts, but also have all children who are brought under charges into those courts carefully examined by specialists, so that those whose offending is due to mental defects may be treated as patients to be cured, or at least cared for, and not as culprits to be punished. Still further, society should revise its whole system of correction.

Second, there are things that can be done to reach the causes of these evils: Alcoholism and the demoralizing effects of narcotics—both immediate, though not ultimate, causes of these wrong conditions—should, by every legitimate means that society can employ, be reduced and as far as possible prevented.

The forces that are driving women into the keen competition of industrialism and away from the home should be studied and should be resisted. Too little is known regarding the direct injury to the race that is caused by the placing upon the shoulders of women burdens that they were never by nature intended to bear. The limitation upon hours of work for women and the prohibition of night work for women in factories represent movements in the right direction. They are only beginnings of what ought to be done.

More than this, the rising generation of girls should be trained so as to understand that the greatest service they can render to the race is the service that they can render to the family, and to see that activity in the struggle of man with man, whether it be in politics, or in industry, or on any other field, is not an enlargement of woman's sphere. When women once realize that in their hands rests the destiny of the race, they will find that all their ambitions can be satisfied in the performance of their duties as guardians of that destiny.

Men and women can serve the race by learning and teaching to their children the art of repose—the art of acquiring and storing energy. Whatever helps to the acquirement of this art is an instrument that can be used to resist the causes of wrong conditions to-day.

Inasmuch as cities are the creators of this industrial tension that is weakening the race, whatever can be done to turn people toward the life and industries of the country will be of use in relieving this tension and reducing the causes of it. In no respect can a man serve his fellow-man to-day more certainly than in helping to set at work forces that will increase the rewards and attractions of country life.

The ultimate root of these evils is apparently in the nature of the present social order that has begun to pass away, and the evils cannot be expected to disappear until men shall have reconstructed a new social order upon the lines of social justice.

Most fundamental of all, however, there are those things that can be done to enliven and strengthen the wills of men and women to deal both with the evil conditions and their causes. "The wages of sin is death." That is true not only of the individual, but also of the race; and it is equally true of the race as of the individual that life is "the gift of God." It is only those who believe that God is in his world, that there is a Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness, who have any resources with which to fight either the evil conditions or their causes. If it is true that there are forces that are undermining the stamina of the race, that unresisted would lead to its dissolution, and that even now have produced symptoms of decadence, then it is equally true that there is in the world a force that can overcome them—the force of religious faith.

"THE SYSTEM THAT PRODUCED LINCOLN"

It can do no harm to remember, in this newborn enthusiasm for Presidential preference primaries, that the first nomination of Abraham Lincoln was brought about by clever political manipulation, combination, and promises. We find it hard to believe that voters and politicians have changed essentially since 1860; or that the convention system which gave the country that great and fortunate nomination has outlived its opportunities of good service.—*New York "Sun," March 27, 1912.*

Manipulation of party delegates gave us Abraham Lincoln. Therefore let us hold fast to political manipulation.

Slavery gave us Abraham Lincoln. Therefore let us restore slavery.

Agitation for the disruption of the Union

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gave us Abraham Lincoln. Therefore, finally, let us once more raise the issue of disunion.

We trust that the "Sun" will forgive the impatience that has led us to anticipate the development of its great idea.

POLITICS AND THE POST-OFFICE

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DO the American people wish the Post-Office Department to be run as a great political machine in the interests of that faction of the dominant party which at the moment controls the National patronage, or do they wish it to be run as a great business corporation in the interest of the people as a whole? This is a question which should receive very serious consideration at the present time; for at the present time, as hardly ever before in its history, the Post-Office Department, together with most other Federal departments, is being used primarily as a political machine to perpetuate the control, within the party, of the present forces dominating the party in power.

It is very difficult to get clear and unequivocal proof, such as would be satisfactory in a court of law, of statements like the above. In practice, of course, there is not a single honest man who at the moment is engaged in practical politics who does not know that this statement is the exact truth moderately expressed. But as to one State we happen to have proof that cannot be controverted. Recently Presidential preferential primaries were held in Oklahoma. The Federal office-holders took the lead in endeavoring to prevent—as it proved, unsuccessfully—the expression of the genuine preference of the Republican voters at the primaries. I have before me as I write the original of a letter sent to Mr. Figley, the postmaster at Hastings, Oklahoma, by Mr. James Harris, the Chairman of the Republican State Committee. The envelope is marked "personal," together with a memorandum to return it after five days to the Harris Brothers. The letter itself runs as follows:

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of the following letter from the Department:

"The commission of Newton S. Figley, Postmaster at Hastings, Oklahoma, will expire February 28, 1912. When last inspected, this office did not appear to be in a satisfactory condition, and unless the postmaster can be relied upon to raise the service to a higher standard of efficiency it is believed that he should not be reappointed. The Department will be pleased to receive as promptly as possible an expression of your views as to what action in this case will be for the best interests of the service."

I hope you have your office in first-class condition and will continue to have it so.

If you will bring in a delegation to the State and District Conventions instructed for Taft and Jim Harris, I will see that you are reappointed.

With best wishes, I am

Very truly,

(Signed) J. A. HARRIS, Chairman.

Mr. J. E. Dyche, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, who forwarded the letter to me, writes in an entirely friendly spirit about Mr. Harris, and says that Mr. Harris has admitted to him that the letter is genuine, and that, moreover, he knows Mr. Harris's signature. He gives me the names of various other Federal employees whom it was attempted to influence in similar fashion, and mentions that Mr. Figley is a man of large family and no capital, and dependent upon the income from the office for a living. Mr. Figley's real sympathy was with the Progressive movement, but on account of his financial condition and the fact that his term of office was to expire on the 28th of February he was obliged to submit to the dictation of the managers of the party; so he promised to do what he could.

The "recall" of the ten nominations for post-offices in North Carolina, for avowedly political reasons, and the case of the Bessemer, Alabama, post-office, instanced by Senator Bristow, are other cases in point.

Congressman George W. Norris, of Nebraska, has rendered a real and great public service by introducing at this particular time a bill to take the Post-Office Department as completely out of politics as the Civil Service Commission is now. Various plans have been proposed to achieve this purpose; that of Mr. Norris seems admirably designed for the end in view. Congressman Norris has taken the lead in a movement of prime importance—one in the interest of good government administration and in the interest of decent politics and in the interest of the genuine rule of the people.

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WILL THERE BE A WORLD COAL FAMINE?

AN INTERNATIONAL POLL OF THE PRESS

THE other day, before a Chicago club, a speaker cited the case of a girl who worked for five dollars a week in a Boston candy factory and supported herself, but, in order to live honestly, she starved herself into tuberculosis, and is now costing the State ten dollars a week for her care.

"This is not an exceptional case," says the Saratoga "Saratogian." "There are many such in our great cities and factory towns." It adds:

But, the inhumanity of the thing aside, it is a mighty poor economic principle for society at large. While the individual manufacturer may profit personally, it is at the expense of the community in the long run, for the people must support those who become worn out in the mill through lack of a living wage and a fair chance at life.

A few years ago, says the Topeka "Capital," a railway president found that, to continue in operation, his railway company would have to retrench on all sides until the hard times should have passed. "Because he was fair, . . . he intended to make his change affect all alike. He began by subtracting a certain percentage from his own salary, then he took the same percentage from the salaries of his assistants, and so on down to the most unimportant brakeman."

So far the president had proceeded when he called on one of the high-paid workmen, laid the plan before him, and asked if it was fair. The man replied that, although it was fair enough, it would not work. "I earn enough," he said, "so that if such a percentage, or even a larger one, is taken off my pay, I can stand it. My family will have to live more economically, but they will not starve. Your family may suffer a larger cut of income than the family of any other individual, but it will merely mean less books and pictures and less to give away. As between your family and my family the cut will work. But there is a man on my train who is getting just enough to pay the rent and keep the grocer satisfied. He may be worth no more than he is getting, but it is not worth while for him to work for less. If you cut his wages he will go under, and there is no incentive to work unless by so doing a man can keep himself and his family from starving.

Thus, as the "Capital" adds, the living wage stands for a really deep economic truth, and illustrates, as well as anything can, the difference between human labor and a mere commodity.

In general outline the demand for a minimum wage is identical with the demand for a living wage.

In England the rise in the cost of living and altered conditions under the Eight Hours Act, together with the grievances of the lower-paid day men and of the miners who have to work in abnormal places—as the London "Daily Chronicle" admits—have precipitated a great coal strike. A million men have laid down their picks. Such a strike is specially alarming in England, for, in the words of the London "Times:"

The wealth and prosperity of this country depend not merely upon coal, but upon cheap coal. More than most other nations we have outgrown the annual natural revenue of our very limited territory. We have an enormous deficit to make up every year from the stores of energy in our coal seams.

According to the London "Labor Leader," the nation says to the miner, "Please go on working, or we starve!" but the miner says to the nation, "I don't want to starve you, but neither must you leave me to starve."

Most English industry depends upon the miners' toil. Thus the miners' strike has also compelled the discharge from work of textile workers, railway men, dock laborers, sailors, brickmakers, pottery workers, gas workers, engineers, coal porters, soap and chemical makers, glass workers, and shop assistants. So, as the New York "Journal of Commerce" observes, a coal strike entails more suffering than a strike in the production of any other commodity.

Quoting the London "Labor Leader" again, we learn that the average weekly wage of miners is only 28s. 8½d. ($7).

This means that thousands of colliers receive little more than 20s. [$5] a week.

The issue, therefore, in the English strike is that of the minimum wage. At first, however, if we may believe the London "Saturday Review," both sides were inarticulate, in the traditional British fashion—they knew what they wanted to say to each other, but somehow they couldn't say it. And yet, as the Chicago "Evening Post" says:

England must face her trouble alone and settle it alone. The dock strike, the cotton strike, and the railroad strike she ended by one or another evasion of the real points at issue. And each time she gasped her relief at the avoidance of a catastrophe. This time it will take all her luck, all her genius for muddling

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through, to escape a conflict that may shake her whole social and economic structure.

"The hollowness of the demand by the coal-miners for a minimum wage appears from the fact that the employers conceded it, if accompanied by a guarantee of a minimum output," points out the New York "Times." It continues:

The refusal of this reasonable proposal shows that the men want both to fix their own wage and retain the privilege of not earning it.

The London "Nation" says:

From such a duty, from a peril so extreme as that which now confronts us, no Government can shrink. The mines of Great Britain must be worked, and worked under conditions which afford reasonable wages and reasonable security of employment to the skilled and trained operatives. If private owners affirm that it is impossible to run them profitably under these conditions, public ownership must supersede them.

Hence the Government's Minimum Wage Bill, which has passed both houses of Parliament and received the King's signature. As already stated in The Outlook, Mr. Asquith refused to include in this bill a fixed minimum wage of $1.25 per day for a miner and fifty cents for a boy, preferring (rightly, we think) the method of establishing district boards which should fix minimum wages according to the needs and conditions of different places.

But why not make the advance in wages by means of an advance in the price of coal? query some observers. The London "Spectator" thus replies:

It may be said that if wages are so high as to take away the employer's profits under existing conditions, all he has got to do is to raise the prices of his commodity. People who argue thus always imagine that demand is a fixed quantity, whereas there may be a brisk demand for a commodity at sixpence a pound and only half the demand if the price goes to sevenpence. But if the demand is thus cut down, the manufactured product must go down too. Nobody will make things which he cannot sell. If the product goes down, so must the amount of work to be done, and so also the number of workers employed. . . . In other words, reduced demand means fewer workmen employed, or, if the same number as before, then at less wages.

If the advance in the wages is not to be made by means of an advance in the price of coal, then why not have the nationalization of the mines, particularly as the navy is absolutely dependent upon the mines, and a Government source of supply is necessitated? The London "Economist" admits the Government's necessity, but absolutely rejects a general nationalization of mines. It explains:

We suggested last week that, in order to help on a solution, the Admiralty might very well experiment with one or two of the best steam coal mines, and we also suggested that the miners themselves could use part of their funds for acquiring properties for the same purpose. But nationalization is the worst possible thing that could happen.

In any event, the issue is clearly drawn. Says the Boston "Globe:"

In it is epitomized the great struggle in which England is engaged—the struggle between individualism and the right of private contract on the one side, and co-operation on the other. The State against the individual and property against the man.

Any review of the situation must include necessarily other things beside the minimum wage scale. For such a scale is, as "Collier's" says, in no sense a vague humanitarianism, "but quite as cold-blooded as the wage fund theory ever was, or the Marxian social revolution." "Collier's" adds:

We need the minimum scale as a means of ascertaining who of the race is fit to survive, instead of mingling fit and unfit in a vague class, half fed and half educated. Of course the minimum scale means a whole system—regulation of the wage, of the working day, out-of-work pay, and accident insurance.

Just at this juncture appears a new factor—syndicalism. It may be described, declares the New York "Tribune," as bearing the same relation to the Labor party that the Physical Force faction in Ireland bore years ago to the Parliamentary Home Rule party.

It is opposed to Parliamentary action and to a Parliamentary Labor party. It is consequently opposed to the Socialist party. Its policy is to act by extra-Parliamentary, if not extra-legal, means. The universal strike, calculated to paralyze the functions of government, is one of its favorite agencies.

But if such a strong Government as the British declines to be paralyzed and persists in operating its legislative function to the end that a minimum wage law shall come into operation, it then meets such fulmination as the following from the Paris "Bataille Syndicaliste:"

This law means the intervention of the State in economic relations and would consequently mean obligatory arbitration, leaving the care of regulating labor conditions to the dangerous appreciation of politicians.

Even the soberer Paris "Temps" says:

The State has nothing to do with the conflicts arising between capital and labor, nor can it become mixed up in their mutual relations.

So much for what one might call serene syndicalism. The brutal kind may be gath-

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ered from the following quotation taken from the London "Syndicalist Railway:"

> Brothers! Law and order mean the dominance of the capital cutthroat and his watch dogs; the dominance of the sweater and the fat-bellied idle rich. Law and order is the instrument of our oppression.
>
> Let us show our masters that we are fired with the spirit of revolt. Let us make it clear to them that if ever again they put a weapon in our hands, be it a police staff, a rifle, or any other instrument of destruction, we shall know how to use it. . . .
>
> Let us remember that we have *no* country to defend, but that we have a world to win. And this world cannot be wrested from the dominance of capitalism and its machinery of force —the army, navy, police, etc.—except by the counter-force of the revolution, the general strike, and insurrection.

So much for England. What is called the "repercussion" of the English strike is felt on the European Continent, notably in Belgium, Germany, Bohemia, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain.

In Belgium, Germany, and Bohemia the miners are demanding a fifteen per cent increase in wages, together with the recognition of the principle of a minimum wage. According to the "Berliner Tageblatt," however, the Socialists insist that the mining unrest began in Germany before it began in England. Be this as it may, the condition of the miners in Germany commands much interest and sympathy from such powerful radical organs as the well-informed "Frankfurter Zeitung," for instance.

In France the strike affects the country with peculiar hardship. For France produces only two-thirds as much coal as she requires. As in Germany, so in the north of France, troops have been called out to preserve order. In the opinion of so respected an observer as the Geneva "Journal de Genève," the only immediate and sure solution in France, as in England, lies in an accord between the employers and the strikers under the auspices of the Government.

The "Journal de Genève" informs us, as to conditions in Switzerland, that a general coal strike is even more disastrous to Switzerland than to France, for Switzerland produces no coal at all. The importation from England is for a certain special need, as for gas. But most Swiss industries, whether of manufacturing or transportation, are, as the Berne "Bund" points out, provisioned by coal from Germany.

In Italy it would appear that all the available coal is being "cornered." The Milan "Corriere della Sera" reports that ships are allowed to buy only just enough to carry them to the nearest port.

In Spain there is also a pathetic situation. According to the Bilbao "Noticiero Bilbaino," the Spanish mines would be used up in three years were it not for the coal and coke coming from England. The Spanish navigation companies, like the French and English, are crippled for lack of coal.

As to our own land, again perilously near another coal strike, one of the reasons for which is the question of wages, the Los Angeles "Express" draws this comparison:

> If Great Britain, a free trade country, rightfully may enact a law under which employers will be compelled to pay a living wage, with how much greater right may not the United States, that bestows protection so that the American wage standard may be maintained, enact legislation compelling the maintenance of that standard?

In sympathy with this, the Louisville "Evening Post" says that the wages of the laboring man are stated in dollars and cents, but to know what the wages mean the statement should be in purchasing power. "The English Parliament is considering a 'minimum wage;'" but, declares this journal, "the American House of Representatives is considering a measure of far greater importance to the wage-earners:"

> It is a bill to increase the purchasing power of a day's wages by lowering the duties of the woolen schedule, and so cheapening the clothing which men buy with their wages, securing better clothing and more of it.
>
> A day's wages and the purchasing power of wages should be considered together.

The Aberdeen (Washington) "World" concludes that a bill such as is now proposed in England is entirely practical for this country also. One like it ought to be enacted in the United States to the end that conditions which were reported to prevail in Lawrence, and which the Government reports as prevalent in the cotton mills of the South, may be changed. The "World" adds:

> These things are certainly more important than the tariff, though they are bound up with it.

It will be seen from the above extracts that not only does a great strike in England directly affect the well-being of other countries, but that the method proposed for ending the strike may be a welcome method in other countries as well.

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A SINGING BIRD OF PREY

BY GEORGE KENNAN

"YOU ask how I happened to go to Siberia to study music," said my Russian friend Hartveld, as we sat smoking in the open-air restaurant of Brunn's Park, Helsingfors. "I might reply by asking how you happened to go there to study penal servitude. I presume the inducement in both cases was the same. You thought you would find among the political exiles in Siberia characters, conditions, and stories of personal adventure that would be novel and interesting and that you could use as literary material. I expected to find there, among the common criminals, the runaway convicts, and the 'Ivan Dontremembers,'[2] songs and melodies that would be original and striking, and that would be the expression, in musical form, of strong emotion and very unusual experience. The field of folk-music in European Russia had been carefully and thoroughly worked. Large collections of peasant songs had been made, and we knew all the varied forms in which the thoughts and feelings of the common people find musical and poetical expression; but nobody had ever collected the songs of penal servitude. I happened to hear two of them in Moscow some years ago, and was so strongly impressed by the originality of the melodies to which the words had been set that I conceived the idea of going to Siberia and making a study of convict music—the music of the exile parties, the forwarding prisons, and the mines. I had some reputation in Russia as a collector of folk-songs, and my relations with the higher bureaucratic officials in St. Petersburg happened to be such that my application for permission to visit the prisons and the penal settlements 'for a scientific purpose' was promptly and courteously granted. Armed with letters from the Prison and Exile Department, I left St. Petersburg in June, 1908, and spent the whole summer in Siberia, going as far east as the mines of Nerchinsk, on the head-waters of the Amoor, and visiting all the more important prisons and penal settlements from the Urals to the Pacific."

"Did you succeed in getting the convicts to sing for you?" I inquired.

"Yes," he replied; "but with great difficulty. Singing in the prisons had always been strictly forbidden; and it was hard to make the convicts believe that a request so extraordinary and unprecedented as a request for songs was not an official trap of some kind that would get them into trouble. When the warden of a prison went with me into one of the *kameras*[1] and said to the prisoners, 'Well, boys, how about some music for this gentleman? He wants to hear you sing,' there was dead silence. The convicts—most of them burglars, highwaymen, or murderers—stared at me with surprise, curiosity, and suspicion, but did not open their mouths. When the warden pressed them for a reply and assured them that I was not an official, but merely a collector of folk-songs who would not get them into any trouble, one of them, speaking for the others, would say, respectfully, 'We don't know any songs, your High Nobility; music is not one of our sins.' Then I would have to explain who I was and what my objects were, and the warden would have to argue and persuade for half an hour, before the prisoners could be brought to admit that they knew any songs, or had ever sung any. Siberian convicts—naturally enough, perhaps—regard with great suspicion official requests and proposals that seem to them extraordinary or inexplicable. Why should they be strictly forbidden to sing for their own amusement, and then suddenly be asked to sing for the satisfaction of a *chinovnik* [official] from St. Petersburg? It might be some new kind of scheme to entrap them into a compromising admission, and the safest thing to do was to disclaim knowledge of music altogether. But they generally yielded at last, when they became convinced that I was really a musician, not a *chinovnik*, and that singing for me would not lead to any unpleasant consequences. And wonderful songs and melodies I got out of some of them! Did you ever happen to hear in eastern Siberia the 'Leg-Fetter March'?"

[1] For the essential facts of this story I am indebted to the "Russkoe Bogatstvo," and to the well-known collector of Russian folk-songs V. N. Hartveld, of St. Petersburg.

[2] When a hard-labor convict has escaped from prison in one part of Siberia and has been rearrested in another part where he is not known, he tries to conceal his identity and prevent an examination of his record by calling himself "Ivan Dontremember." There are dozens of these "Ivans" in every large Siberian prison.

[1] A *kamera*, in a Russian prison, is a large room in which are confined a dozen or more prisoners. A "cell" is usually a much smaller apartment, intended for a single occupant. A *kartser*, or dungeon, is a still smaller punishment cell, which has no chair, bed, or bedding, and which, as a rule, is perfectly dark.

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"No," I replied; "I think not. I heard in the Transbaikal a sort of wailing chant which the convicts sang as they marched through the peasant villages on their way to the mines; but it had no marked time, and was a begging song rather than a march."

"That's not it," said Hartveld. "The 'Leg-Fetter March' has no words; it is a melody, not a song. On the road the convicts hum it with closed lips, and in the prisons they mark the time with a rhythmical clashing of leg-fetter chains, and add a weird buzzing accompaniment made by blowing on paper-wrapped combs. If you have never heard it, I can't possibly give you an idea of it without instruments and a chorus. You may think, from my description, that it is a childish performance, more likely to excite laughter and ridicule than serious emotion; but, in reality, it is an extraordinary and tragic thing, and fairly makes the ants crawl up and down one's back. After my return from Siberia I got together a chorus and a small orchestra and gave a series of concerts in which I introduced songs of penal servitude and the 'Leg-Fetter March;' but the effect of the march on the audiences was such that the Government finally prohibited it. Thousands of Russian concert-goers now know the air, but to play it on an instrument in public, or even to hum it, is a misdemeanor.

"From a musician's point of view the melodies of many of the convict songs have great novelty and originality, due in part, perhaps, to the fact that they have been borrowed from, or influenced by, the aboriginal music of the Asiatic natives. Hundreds of convicts make their escape every year from the Siberian prisons or mines, and wander for months over the *tundras* or through the *taiga* [primeval Siberian forest], seeking shelter and food now and then in the tents and *yourts* of the Samoyedes, the Buriats, or the Yakuts. When they are finally recaptured, they bring back to the prisons and set to Russian words the airs that they have learned from the natives with whom they have been living. Melodies that have originated in this way are almost as hard to sing or play as they are to transcribe, on account of their unfamiliar scale intervals and abrupt changes of mode or key; but the convicts catch them with great quickness of ear and reproduce them with surprising accuracy and skill. In the Tobolsk prison, for example, they have a song, consisting of solo and chorus, in which the key—B flat major—is changed to a different one in every phrase; and that's a trick that the most experienced opera singer would have difficulty in performing without the aid of instruments."

"How do they get such skill," I inquired, "if they are not allowed to sing in their *kameras* and have no practice?"

"Most Russian peasants are born with a musical ear," replied Hartveld, "and they have plenty of practice before they get into prison. Besides that, they *do* sing more or less, in spite of prohibition. The turnkeys are often fond of music, and they let the prisoners sing now and then, in a subdued tone, when the higher prison authorities are out of the way. Then, too, the best voices have practice in the choirs of the prison churches. But it is impossible to account for the extraordinary skill that some of them show, not only in vocal but in instrumental music. You probably couldn't find a balalaika, a violin, or a stringed instrument of any kind, if you should search the Siberian prisons from Tobolsk to Nerchinsk; and yet in one of the loneliest *ostrogs* of the Transbaikal I ran across a balalaika-player—a common convict and a wholly uneducated peasant—whose technique was simply marvelous. Did you happen to visit, in the course of your investigation, the east Siberian mine of Gorni Zerentui?"

"Yes," I replied; "I spent a day or two there in the winter of 1885–6. It impressed me as the dreariest, most God-forsaken place in all the Transbaikal. The prison, too, if I remember rightly, was one of the worst that I saw."

"They've put up a new building since your time," said Hartveld, "and, as Siberian prisons go, it isn't so bad; but the place, as you say, is dreary and lonely. You feel as if you were ten thousand miles away from the world of living men. But it was there that I found my balalaika-player. The warden and I had been through nearly all the rooms in the large building, and had not been able to find a single prisoner who would sing, or who was willing to admit that he ever had sung. Finally we went to the *kamera* of the *bezsrochni* [the life-term convicts], where we found eighteen men, all murderers, and most of them men who had made homicide a profession, or who at least had killed more than once. At the stern command of the guard, '*Smeerno! Po mestám!*' [Silence! Take your places!] they all sprang to their feet

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with a great clashing of chains, formed a semicircular line in front of the sleeping-platforms, and, with hands and arms held rigidly at their sides, stood at 'attention.'

"'How do you do, boys?' said the warden, affably.

"'We wish you health, your High Nobility!' shouted the prisoners, hoarsely, in unison, using the prescribed form of response to an official greeting.

"'What do you say, boys, to singing a few songs for this gentleman? He has come from St. Petersburg, with the permission of the higher authorities, to study your music; and he will be very much obliged if you'll sing for him. How about it?'

"Dead silence.

"'Don't be suspicious, boys, just because we ask you to do something that is usually forbidden. It's all right, nothing will happen to you. This gentleman is not a *chinovnik*, or a *revizor* [investigating officer], he's a musician; and he wants to hear your songs, and write the tunes down on paper, so that he can compare them with the songs and tunes of the *prostoi narod* [common people] in Russia. He has already collected hundreds of songs, and he knows that you have some good ones. Don't be obstinate—sing for him.'

"Dead silence. The prisoners eyed us sullenly and suspiciously from under their brows, but did not open their lips.

"'Semyonof,' said the warden, addressing one of them directly, 'you must know who the singers are in this *kamera*—tell us. We are not trying to trap anybody, or get anybody into trouble.'

"'We are birds of prey, your High Nobility,' replied Semyonof. 'Even when we are out of the cage we don't sing—we tear meat.'

"'It's of no use,' said the warden, turning to me; 'they won't sing—at least until they have talked it over among themselves. We'll try again later.'

"We were about to leave the *kamera* when an old convict with snow-white hair and beard and the face of a patriarch halted us by saying, 'There's Klochkof, your High Nobility. He was bragging only a little while ago that he could sing, and he even used to fool with a balalaiki.'

"As we afterward learned, the convict thus pointed out was not a favorite among his comrades, and they were quite ready to get him into trouble by betraying him.

"'Good for Klochkof!' cried the warden. 'He's a better man than any of you. Step out, Klochkof!'

"The convict thus summoned came forward slowly, rolling a little from side to side as he lifted the heavy chain of his leg-fetters. At a distance of six or eight feet he stopped, raised his eyes from the floor, and looked steadily at the warden, without the least sign of fear or embarrassment. He was still a young man—thirty-five years of age, perhaps—with a compact, athletic figure, a strong but expressionless face, dark opaque eyes, and chestnut-brown hair, long on one side and cut short on the other from the forehead to the nape of the neck.

"'The boys say you can sing, Klochkof,' said the warden. 'Is that so?'

"'They're only making game of me, your High Nobility,' replied the convict. 'Long ago, when I worked in a factory, I used to pay some attention to such things, but now—'

"'Well, don't you do it now?'

"A sudden flash of animation gave unwonted fire to the convict's dull eyes.

"'What's the use of denying it?' he replied. 'I know a few songs.'

"His comrades exchanged glances significantly, as if to say, 'Now he's in for it.'

"'When will you sing for me, Klochkof?' I asked.

"'I can't sing without an accompaniment, your Honor. If I had a balalaika now—perhaps—'

"'All right! I'll get a balalaika for you. When will you sing?'

"'Whenever your Honor pleases.'

"'He can come to the office when we're ready,' said the warden. 'Let me know when you've looked up a balalaika, and I'll send for him again.'

"'Who is this Klochkof?' I asked, after we had left the *kamera*. 'What's his history?'

"'The devil only knows!' said the warden. 'I can tell you more or less about the character of every other man in the prison; but I've never been able to make this one out. He is a quiet, orderly convict; obeys the rules, and gives us no trouble; but he seldom speaks, even to his fellow-prisoners; and when a man is silent all the time it must mean something—it isn't natural. Of course there are many convicts who are not talkative; but Klochkof is a regular champion of silence. So far as speech is concerned he

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might be a Trappist monk. I don't know what it means, but there's something mysterious in it.'

"'How did he become a convict?' I inquired.

"'That involves another mystery,' replied the warden. 'We know what his crime was, but that's all we do know. In a peasant village of the province of Yaroslav he rushed into a church where a wedding was taking place, killed the bridegroom and the bride with two blows of a short-handled ax, and then quietly gave himself up. He refused to explain his act; attempted no justification of himself when he was tried; and made no plea for mercy when he was sentenced to penal servitude for life. He was silent then, and he has been silent ever since. Take him all in all, he's a problematic character. I never before heard him say as much as he has said to-day.'

"On the following afternoon I succeeded in finding an old, much-used balalaika in the house of a ticket-of-leave convict of the Free Command,[1] and the warden sent an armed guard to bring Klochkof to the office. In five minutes he appeared, walking clumsily and awkwardly in heavy fetters, whose looped-up chain clashed between his legs at every step. At sight of the balalaika in my hands he straightened himself a little, and a faint flush of color came into his face.

"'Here's your balalaika, Klochkof,' I said. 'We succeeded in finding one.'

"'Will your Honor please let me take it?' he asked.

"'Certainly! Here,' and, stepping forward, I put it into his hands. He took it carefully, pressed it against his body, and stroked it gently, as if he were caressing a pet animal.

"'Well,' I said, expectantly, 'are you going to sing for us now?'

"'Why shouldn't I sing,' he replied, 'when I have a balalaika? But it's years since I held one in my hands. Give me a little time for practice—three days, your Honor—in three days I'll learn to play it again, and then I'll sing for you.'

"I consulted the warden in a whisper, and he agreed to let Klochkof have the instrument for three days in his *kamera*. Then, turning to the prisoner, he said: 'All right, Klochkof. We'll give you time for practice. Limber up your fingers, and show us what you can do. In three days we'll send for you again.'

"'Grant me one more favor, your High Nobility!' said the prisoner, imploringly. 'I'm afraid that, if I play in the *kamera*, the boys will laugh at me and make fun of me. They may even do something to hurt the balalaika—break the strings perhaps, or smash it altogether. Please put me into solitary confinement, your High Nobility! Then I can practice in peace.'

"'I can't do that,' said the warden, frowning. 'The solitary confinement cells are all occupied.'

"'Perhaps there's an empty *kartser* [dungeon] where you could put me,' suggested Klochkof, diffidently.

"'Well, you *are* a crank!' replied the warden, with a contemptuous laugh. 'You're the first prisoner that has ever asked me, as a favor, to shut him up in a *kartser*. Why, you lunatic, you don't seem to realize what a *kartser* is. There's nothing there to sit on, and not a glimmer of light. You won't find it much fun to stand up or sit on a stone floor for three days, in pitch darkness, and all alone.'

"'It's easier to play standing up,' replied Klochkof, 'and as for loneliness, there'll be two of us—the balalaika and I.'

"'Have it your own way,' said the warden. 'If you want to play blind-man's-buff with a balalaika in a *kartser*, I've no objection. But don't whine to be let out if you get tired of it, because I won't let you out. Let's see—to-day is Thursday. Sunday afternoon you'll see God's light again, but not before.'

"The warden waved his hand in dismissal; the guard shouted, 'By the left, wheel! March!' and with a measured clashing of leg-fetter chains Klochkof disappeared.

"After dinner, on Sunday, I went to the prison with my note-book and pencils, and the warden sent for the entombed balalaika-player. He was brought to a large empty room adjoining the office, where there was ample air space, and where a writing-table had been placed for me. The prisoner came in, looking pale and worn, but not at all disheartened or depressed. His hair was in disorder; his long gray coat was soiled and rumpled; his eyes were half closed to exclude the unfamiliar light; and his person seemed to exhale a faint, peculiar odor like that of a

[1] Convicts whose behavior in prison has been satisfactory are released on a limited ticket-of-leave before the expiration of their penal terms, and are allowed to live in houses of their own just outside of the prison stockade. They are known as the "Free Command."

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damp cellar; but, with these exceptions, he was unchanged. I thought I could see the afterglow of recent excitement or exaltation in his tired face, but his demeanor was quiet and self-possessed. The audience that awaited him consisted of two soldiers armed with rifles, two turnkeys with revolvers in their belts, the warden of the prison, and myself. Holding the balalaika to his breast, the prisoner bowed to us respectfully and said, 'Shall I begin?'

"'Whenever you're ready,' I replied.

"It happened to be a bright, clear August day, and, going to one of the windows where the sunlight fell upon him, Klochkof picked out a plaintive melody on the strings of the balalaika and began to sing. His voice was a mellow tenor, not extraordinary in volume or compass, but sweet and sympathetic. At first he did not greatly impress me—he seemed to lack confidence and spirit—but when, with a wonderfully brilliant balalaika accompaniment, he began the popular Siberian exile song 'My Fate,' he seemed suddenly to become inspired, and sang with a sympathetic depth of feeling that was even more remarkable than the technical skill with which he gave it expression.

"'The man is a born musician!' I said to myself. 'He could teach phrasing to many of our best operatic tenors.'

"But the singing—wonderful as it seemed to me in that place—was surpassed by the extraordinary brilliancy of the accompaniment. The balalaika is a wretched musical instrument at best, but in Klochkof's hands it became a mandolin played by an Italian master. His technique was something marvelous. If Troyanovski, the soloist in Andreyef's orchestra, is the Sarasate of the balalaika, Klochkof is its Paganini. Such balalaika-playing—such playing on an instrument of any kind—one rarely hears.

"When the gifted convict finished his last song, I grasped his hand, and, in my enthusiasm, thanked him almost effusively.

"'Please get the warden to let me keep the balalaika a little longer,' he whispered to me, while I was still holding his hand. 'Persuade him to leave it with me a day or two more.'

"I made the desired request, but the warden declared it absolutely inadmissible. 'It is against all rules,' he assured me, 'and I might have to answer for it to an inspector.'

"'Bring me the balalaika,' he said to Klochkof.

"Then there happened something that I still remember as astounding, tragic, and almost terrible. The quiet, submissive, undemonstrative convict suddenly became as fierce and menacing as a tigress about to be deprived of her young. His face lost every trace of color, his eyes seemed to fill with blood and fire, and, holding the balalaika to his breast with one hand, he threw himself into a fighting attitude, and cried, hoarsely and fiercely: 'I'll never give it up! You can't have it! I'll kill the first man that tries to get it!'

"I was absolutely paralyzed with amazement.

"'Take the balalaika away from the prisoner,' said the warden in a cold, stern voice.

"The soldiers and turnkeys, with their hands on their weapons, sprang toward the defiant convict, who stood motionless, with murder in his eyes, breathing heavily and clasping the balalaika to his breast. Before they reached him he realized, even in his paroxysm of furious passion, that he could not successfully resist four armed men. Dropping the balalaika, he stood for an instant looking at it with an expression of wild grief and misery in his face, and then, throwing himself on the floor, burst into a storm of convulsive sobs. Never in my life had I seen such agonized weeping. It was the expression, not merely of disappointed expectation and thwarted impulse, but of all the hopeless misery of a wrecked existence. The loss of the balalaika brought to him a vivid realization of all that he had missed in life—music, love, freedom, happiness, everything—and the agonized consciousness of irretrievable disaster was deepened and intensified by acute regret and unavailing remorse.

"The sobs and inarticulate cries of the prisoner finally became so wild and hysterical that the warden sent for the prison surgeon, but it was ten minutes before we could get the weeping and distraught man quiet. When at last he had recovered self-command, I thanked him again for singing, and told him that I should leave five rubles for him at the prison office.

"'Oh, your Honor,' he said through his tears, 'I don't want money for that. Just let me take the balalaika once more—for a minute!'

"I gave it to him. He stroked it caressingly, pressed his lips to it twice, and then surrendered it. As the guard were about

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to take him away, he turned again and said: 'Please, your Honor, grant me one favor more. When you get back to Russia, you may find yourself some time in the province of Yaroslav. If you ever do, please go to the village church of Romanof-Borisoglebsk, light a candle before the portrait of the Holy Mother of God that hangs on the left side of the chancel, and have a mass said for the repose of the soul of—of—Marya Ivanovna!'

"He spoke the name with a half-strangled sob, and seemed to be on the point of breaking down again; but in a moment he recovered self-control, and, bowing low to me, said: 'Good-by, your Honor. God grant you a safe return to your home!'

"The guard threw open the door, the prisoner went out, and the clashing of his leg-fetter chain grew fainter and fainter as he marched down the corridor to the *kamera* of the *bez-srochni*. I never saw him again.

"Who was Marya Ivanovna, and what had been the convict's relations with her? Was the candle to be lighted and the mass to be said for the repose of the soul of the bride who had been killed with an ax as she stood before the altar in that village church of Romanof-Borisoglebsk?

"I never knew."

THE EXPERIENCES OF A "HIRED GIRL"

The articles which have recently been appearing in The Outlook on housekeeping as a business have brought to us, among many other letters, the following from a woman who is at the present time employed in domestic service in Chicago. It is a human document of such interest and such suggestiveness that we print it, not as a mere letter, but as a useful contribution to the literature of "Domestic Science." The author does not wish her name to be made public, but we may assure our readers that she is a real person, and that what she has to say is based upon actual experience. There are thousands of homes in which the domestic helpers are treated with more consideration and with more intelligence than the writer of this letter has met in much of her work; but there are also, we are convinced, thousands of homes in which her suggestion as to "scientific management" of the kitchen ought to be taken with serious and sympathetic consideration.—THE EDITORS.

THERE has been so much written about the "hired girl" question from the side of the "lady of the house" that perhaps it would be just as well to look on the other side of the shield.

I have worked in private families since I was sixteen, and next year I will be fifty years old, so I know the answer thoroughly. If the housewives would apply some sort of business system to the conduct of their housekeeping, the answer would be simple. But no; any time, anything to work with, and any old way is their rule. Their most common phrase is: "That is my business; this is my house." If anything goes wrong, their first word is: "You will walk out of this house this minute, or I will get a man to put you out." In one place I asked for a clean roller-towel for the kitchen. I did not get it, and so washed the one that was on the roller. The lady then told me I was trying to run the house.

If ladies would really have a system about their housework and would come out at night after supper, or, better, at nine o'clock in the morning, and write out the order of the next three meals—luncheon, evening dinner, and the next morning's breakfast—then the maid would have that order too, and there would not be so many mistakes from forgetfulness, and so forth, and the mistress would know just what she would have to order from the grocer and would make out her grocery order accordingly. But not one lady in a hundred does that sensible thing.

Most of the middle-class well-to-do people that pay girls five and six dollars a week come out in the kitchen after supper and say: "We will have pancakes for breakfast. What! Not enough milk? And no eggs? Then we will have biscuits. Give the one egg to Mr. Blank in the morning with coffee and an orange for fruit. The children can have cornflakes." Perhaps the lady goes downtown in the morning, has her own nice lunch at a restaurant, and tells me I can give the children a pick-up lunch, and I am lucky

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if I have enough in the pantry to give them fried bread, which is known as "French toast." When three or four children come home from school hungry as bears, they always enjoy anything they can eat with sugar or syrup, like "French toast" or pancakes or waffles.

Then, again, there are not enough tools to work with. Perhaps there is an old worn-out can-opener or none at all, knives that are not sharp, no sleeve-board for ironing—little necessary things that could be bought at the ten-cent store. When I ask if I can have a new one, the answer is: "Well, we [the family] have used that one" or "done without it," as the case may be, "for the last forty years, and I guess you can make it do for the little while you are here."

Then, again, would it be showing the girl too much consideration to let her have a sewing-machine in her room? They often have an old one in the basement that could be repaired as well as not. If there is any kind of an old rocking-chair that they can't possibly use anywhere else in the house, they stick it in the girl's room; and often every other part of the house is heated well, but the girl's room is so cold she can't sew or read in it.

And the girl could enjoy her warm meal if they would serve her plate when they serve the family, as they do for a hired man or a laundress who comes in by the day. Many times there is not enough in the house for lunch. One lady I worked for lived in the fourth-floor flat. I had been doing the laundry work in the basement. I came up at half-past four—no dishes washed, supper to get, and no groceries ordered yet. She gave the order, "We will have baked bananas and fried apples," and a raft of other stuff that it would take too long to cook and get ready in time. This was unreasonable. Well, there was fine soup all ready, and apple sauce, and I boiled some potatoes and prepared some cold meat. But she said afterwards that I had not obeyed, and she "must have discipline." A maid should know what she is expected to get for supper by 11 A.M. at the latest under ordinary circumstances.

Then, again, if a girl could work under a legal contract agreement, say, from three to six months, it would improve conditions immensely. The girl would know she had a good permanent home and steady work, and the lady would know that she had a contract agreement that she could depend upon. The leisure time of the girl should be fixed in this contract. There is often no Sunday out until after four and no evening out until after eight. Foreign girls do not go into housework for this reason. They prefer the fixed hours of factory and shop work.

Ladies are sometimes not honest in money matters concerning the girls they employ. I have known many nice girls to work for little money—two dollars and a half or three dollars a week—and one week out of every five or six the lady would forget, or pretend to forget, to pay for. If the girl has given no written receipt for her wages, she sometimes has no proof of what is due her. A girl should give a written receipt for the time and amount every time the lady pays her, and the payments should be made regularly on a fixed date, just as they are in shops, factories, and offices. The girls that keep their places in housework are frequently the ones that do not ask to go out except at their ladies' convenience, or for any money until the lady gets ready to hand it to them, and they do without many things that they need to work with if they are going to do good work. As it is now, without a written contract, a lady can come out into the kitchen after supper and say, "I think you had better go to-night; you can leave the dishes if you want to," without an hour's notice, and it may be raining pitchforks, and no reason is given.

A girl may like children very much, but children in the kitchen tend to make a girl nervous and forget her work and make mistakes. In many ways it is dangerous for children to be in the kitchen, for accidents may happen to them with boiling water and hot grease when one is hurried in her work.

Mistresses often give a girl more work than she can do in a day. They will not hire the washing done if they can get the girl to do it. They say, "Really, if the girl does not do the washing, I would not have anything for her to do." If a girl does not do the washing, they do not want to pay over two or three dollars a week, and a girl cannot live on that amount. Ladies sometimes feed meat to their dogs or pet cats in the dining-room when there is not enough meat for the girls in the kitchen. If there are two girls, they should each have a separate bed, which is not always the case.

If the mistress of the house would only write out the work of the week, day by day,

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would put down on paper the work required, certain work for certain days, would treat housework like a business, and treat their maids like the employees of a business, many of the problems of domestic service would be solved.

CONCERNING PERSONAL IMMORTALITY[1]

BY JAMES M. WHITON

"HOW truly its central position is impregnable, religion has never adequately realized."

This remark, the more significant as coming from Herbert Spencer, is justified by the discovery of a doubt of personal immortality invading even the thought of Christian men. The present writer has heard that doubt expressed by a Christian friend of exemplary character. He believed in the survival of his life, but doubted the survival of that remembrance of past existence on which the continuance of personality depends. If such doubt can beset any sincere Christian, it is not strange that multitudes outside of the Church now regard the idea of immortality as mere illusion. A visible effect of this unbelief appears in the spread of suicide among those whom Hamlet's dissuasive from it no longer influences:

> "Rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of."

Among Christian men doubt of personal immortality is raised by "specters of the mind"—reasonings that are either irrelevant or incomplete. Among others, their sweeping rejection of the very idea of immortality results more commonly from their moral attitude toward the higher values of the present life.

A striking feature of modern civilization is the manifest consciousness of dissatisfaction and failure that gnaws at the heart of it underneath the outward show of splendor and power. This often finds pathetic and tragic expression in current literature. A civilization more intent on the transient than on the permanent, on the things of the body than on the things of the spirit, inevitably tends toward the impotent conclusion reported by Ecclesiastes: "Vanity and vexation of spirit"—more correctly translated, "Emptiness and striving after wind."

What more natural result from such a conclusion than aversion to more of life beyond what has proved so disappointing? If personal immortality, in the proper conception of it, is just that conservation of active values in the moral realm which parallels the conservation of energy in the physical realm, what real value is there to conserve in a life that has been absorbed in things that glitter and are gone? What can seem left of "the glory of going on" to gild the future with a ray of aspiring hope? Nothing, indeed, but a leap into the dark—

> "Like birds the charming serpent draws,
> To drop headforemost in the jaws
> Of vacant darkness, and to cease."

Whatever doubt of personal immortality may perplex the reasoning of a Christian man must lessen in an enlarging thought of personality as something of higher value than mere individual existence. It is precisely when contemplating a sublime and potent personality—a Paul, a Washington—men inspired by the noblest ideals of life, and compelling the veneration and imitation of mankind—that personal immortality is discovered to be *the conservation of moral values*, and, when so understood, clears itself from doubt. In this view of it the denial of it involves conclusions that utterly confound our reason. In rational recoil from these the common and immemorial belief of mankind, especially characteristic, said Cicero, of "all the noblest souls," reaches the impregnable ground that many an honest doubter desires. How impregnable it is appears when due account is made of a consideration often overlooked. Not on its occupants, but on its assailants, devolves the *burden of proof*. The saint needs not to prove that he will survive his mortal hour. The skeptic is under challenge to demonstrate the contrary, if he can. The

[1] Previous articles in this series were written by Dean Hodges (December 30, 1911), by H. S. Pritchett) February 3, 1912), and by Wilfred T. Grenfell (March 2, 1912).

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futility of any such attempt will appear in what is yet to be said.

The essence of personality is the conscious will that focuses desire and effort upon the attainment of its ends. The fullness of personality is realized when the human will centers itself in the fulfillment of the divine will as both its source and its supreme end. This culmination of personality is uniquely conspicuous in the God-consciousness of Jesus, whose confession, "I and my Father are one," puts before his disciples the supreme goal of moral and religious endeavor. Can one rationally regard Jesus' constant converse with God, his devoted doing of the will of God, his sublime peace and joy in God, as inconsequential phenomena that vanished from existence with his expiring breath?

Glacier and earthquake anciently changed the face of the globe. They are now as if they had never been, yet their effects abide. Thus the denier of personal immortality conceives of "the choir invisible," of sages and benefactors whose devotedness to noble ends has changed the face of the living world. Their work endures, but they do not. Their personality, in its unselfishness, its wisdom, its heroism, its faith in the Eternal Goodness, its converse with the Infinite Other who was to them the soul of their soul, has ceased to exist. No more do they offer, does he receive, their worship and their service. They are classed with the prehistoric glacier and earthquake among the transient phenomena that *were*, but no more *are*. The sublimest personality is not exempt from the universal law of extinction affirmed by the materialist's creed:

> "The forces that were Christ
> Have taken new forms and fled."

Such are the affirmations, such the irrationality, involved in denial of that conservation of active values for which our common term is personal immortality.

The unreason involved in denying it deepens when due account is made of the commonly overlooked truth that personality is necessarily and distinctively *social*. A hermit is a defective. "One man is no man," said Pascal. The dawning consciousness of one's self as a social unit that appears when the infant first says "I" awakes in his contacts with the family group. From our fellows we gain self-knowledge and self-development. By their experience we learn both to interpret and to supplement our own. We are knit together in interdependence and reciprocity of influence. We live ourselves into one another. Only in society does personality develop. Tennyson has pointed to this experience as significant for the future:

> "This use may lie in blood and breath,
> Which else were fruitless of their due,
> Had man to learn himself anew
> Beyond the second birth of Death."

Personal immortality is inconceivable except as social. And so the problem of immortality is primarily not an individualistic but a social question. If there is a future life, it must be a social life. Here again we have to face the dilemma: believe in such a life, or stultify reason by denying it.

Reason here surveys the long and painful process of the ages through which a now tolerably orderly and peaceful human society has been evolved. From the primitive savagery in which the Roman proverb, "Man is a wolf to man," was strictly true, our blood-stained race has at length come within foresight of "the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World." But if human society, the fruit of such birth-pangs, is limited to this mortal world, if its agonizing evolution comes to futility in its extinction, then might the Spirit of such a universe be well represented by the Greek god Kronos, who devoured his children as soon as born.

Such is the absurd alternative with which reason exorcises the specters of the mind that mutter on this world's clouded boundary, "No more beyond." The destiny of the individual life is involved in the grander destiny of the social. Only in some form of social unity can the moral values of this world's consummate product, the socializing of collective humanity, be conserved as the precious mintage of a thousand centuries of suffering.

The Christian believer and the scientist here stand on common ground. Why do scientists unanimously affirm the reality of an invisible ether that fills all interstellar space? "Because," said Professor Tyndall, "it is a postulate of reason for the interpretation of the phenomena" of light. Precisely so of our belief in personal immortality—it is the necessary rational explanation of certain phenomena of human life. Thus has even physical science vindicated the right of reason to faith in realities undiscoverable by mortal eyes. And so the faith of all saints in their personal immortality satisfies the condition prescribed by one of the most eminent of naturalists.

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"If any one," said Professor Huxley, "is able to make good the assertion that his theology depends on valid evidence and sound reasoning, such theology must take its place as a part of science."

But not as such is the truth to be chiefly regarded, whose intellectual grounds have thus far been presented.

Faith in personal immortality, precisely like the faith in God to which it is closely related, involves, of course, an intellectual conviction, but it is much more than that. It is an active working principle. It is distinctively a *moral venture* of our supreme interest in life on the assurance that we shall never be as if we had never been. The intellectual conviction which rests on the grounds here given for it is merely, but greatly, helpful as a brace for that assurance in moments of weakness and doubt. But its natural root is in persevering intentness on those higher values of life of which Jesus is the great exemplar, whose conservation hereafter faith foresees as its fulfillment in fact.

To this indispensable culture of our human capacity for achieving immortality we are pointed by what Jesus said of being "accounted worthy to attain to that world and the rising from the dead," and also by St. Paul's explicit repetitions of the same thought. What other meaning can such words carry but that the law of the survival of the fit, universally operative here, is operative hereafter also? It cannot be said that modern thought, even in the churches, has yet, except in meager measure, grasped this principle. In the light of it personal immortality must be regarded as a moral opportunity rather than as a natural destiny. Its attainment is proposed as our life-problem, a practical question that must be solved by the seeding on which is conditioned the harvesting of the values which cannot fail to be conserved, because in their nature they are eternal.

THE ENEMY AT THE GATE[1]

BY MAX G. SCHLAPP

WHEN it wasn't war it was famine, and when it was neither it was pestilence. Something always seemed to be at work to undermine the human race. Malthus saw it, and concluded that it must always be so, as he believed it was the divine order. But we have come to see that war and famine and pestilence are all man-made. Through better international relations we are diminishing the destructiveness of war. Through the improvement of transportation and communication we are abolishing famine. And through the achievements of science we are preventing the spread of pestilence.

There is, however, a new evil that has arisen; an enemy that is more insidious as a means of human destruction than either war or famine or pestilence, and more certain of its toll. It is an evil that cannot be eliminated by signing a protocol or cleaning the Augean stables. Neither the sanitary engineers nor laboratory geniuses who have protected the cities against contagion can stay the march of this new enemy.

Briefly, this new enemy is the tension of modern life. It is that commercial ogre, our industrial system, which is sapping the strength of the race. The results of it are newly born criminals or newly born imbeciles in every grade of life, high and low, irrespective of environment. Explicitly, the human family is breaking itself down.

Never before has the world done its work under such high tension as to-day. Living conditions have actually become a contest comparable only to a foot race; but present living conditions compel us to use from the start the strength reserved for the final effort, the last burst of speed, if we are to gain the honors.

Everywhere the cry is for greater efficiency. The employer demands efficiency of his employees as the condition of their continued employment, which means their daily bread. It is the condition of existence. All the day long, as the efficient employee must keep his mind on his work, so must the efficient

[1] See an editorial on this subject on another page.—THE EDITORS.

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manager keep his mind alert for the next best thing to be done. Then comes the clash of brains in the supreme effort as the product of all their care is to be sold, transported, and distributed. Everywhere efficiency is demanded from the shops, from the railways, from the distributers. The little retailer can't drowse in his little shop, as he did a hundred years ago, and within a much shorter time, and make a living in the city. He has to be bustling.

Exactions of man and the strain of them are considered less than the strain upon machinery. The endurance of machinery must be tested, and he is an insane engineer that will drive it beyond its strength. The powers of the human body and brain are not definitive, but they are none the less fixed. Nerve forces are limited, and the limit is not great. The world is making no reckoning of these facts, but the world will pay.

Industrialism that is absorbing the vitalities of men is doing still greater damage to women. It used to be somewhat unusual for women to go out into the world to work. Only the daughters of the very poorest families gave their lives to industrialism. Now women have almost displaced men in many kinds of employment. Office work is done almost exclusively by women. The great office buildings of the city are filled with women employees. Factory upon factory employs women and girls exclusively.

All the thought, all the suggestion from the multifarious lines of human activity, teach the doctrine of maximum effort. With every occupation turbulent, it could hardly be expected that any section of the population would maintain repose. The anxious workman takes his troubles home. The system takes no account of his family responsibilities. The earnest purpose, the best effort, the salried employee can make does not assure him continued employment. There is more than one for every job, and the closest attention to details may not give the desired result to the efficient management. To the stress of engrossing labor, therefore, is added the apprehension of failure, of dismissal, the anxiety due to the specter of want, and this is real to a great many men and women.

Men of affairs are accustomed to multiplication of daily duties. Out of each interest a great many grow. Tending them all removes them far in mind from gown and slippers at the family fireside. Such a suggestion in these days is laughable. Few men of affairs have any time for rest. All night they are on the go. Two or three public dinners of an evening, with intermittent appointments between, and possibly a call at the opera-house for the family and a late supper—this is not in these days of achievement considered remarkable, not even unusual. This spirit pervades the household. Disquiet, restlessness, is everywhere apparent, though unrecognized.

The mistress of the house has as many engagements as the master. Cards, luncheon, teas, dinner, theater, dances, supper, are no longer necessarily spread over a greater period than a day. Staying home and knitting is a picture of a past age that is now regarded with amusement. Yet a woman no less exalted than Queen Victoria has been credited with the habit of staying home and knitting, but, of course, she was old-fashioned. From our early literature of England we learn that the first ladies of the day made their children's clothes. It was their pride—the mother's work. And they made clothes for their husbands, too. In our country in its early days the good women were at home, more or less, knitting. Until social life became, like business life, a ferment, there was a counterbalance for the conservation of human energy and health. Now busy fathers, and possibly busier mothers, think nothing of their daughters' daily engagements that may keep them in an equally mad rush with themselves from the beginning of the day to far into the night. Nowhere at all is any account taken of the tax on the body and brain.

All of us are unconscious imitators. We follow the customs. Ambitious ones take men of the greatest physical or mental energy for their patterns in planning success or recognition. Their own limitations are not in account. The public men who attend several receptions, several dinners, and make ten or twelve speeches in an afternoon and evening, besides traveling as many miles as make a day of work for a trainman, are not a phenomenon, but only a reflex of crass industry that demands all there is in a man from day to day. The woman who belongs to clubs and societies, acting on scores of committees, taking part in meetings, negotiating business deals for the cause, until she trembles from the excitement of it all, is following example, spurred on by a restless energy that is due to disregard of mental and physical hygiene.

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Endeavors to excel, to be recognized, or at least to hold a vain position, have an involuntary beginning in the factory and in the offices. Free people—as one might term the women of well-to-do families, for instance, who are in no way bound to exert themselves—are impelled by unremitting example and perpetual commotion to activity. As their activity increases, from whatever cause, possibly a commitment of duty in association with others to accomplish some worthy purpose or because of the personal satisfaction that publicity brings, the influences from without become nothing in comparison to the stimulus within the woman herself due to an unsettled nervous system. This will not permit her to rest, but will fill her with an impetuous desire to do something most likely beyond her powers.

We have here the first explanation of the abnormally active woman. The nervous organization works peculiar changes in body and mind. One moved by the excitation of the involuntary nervous system may be possessed of an outward calm and remain unconscious that his physical forces are in a state of alarm. At that point there is no rest until the whole world sleeps, and sometimes not then. The mind, perfectly sane, but balanced like a hair-trigger, becomes supersensitive to external impressions. Calm judgment leaves it. It becomes enthusiastic over a propaganda at which before it would be aghast.

Pleasures cease to give the stimulation desired, and new ideas come that seem, and perhaps are, bigger and worthier. Then women advance, as they have now, to dispute the philosophy of the ages, to contest with men in all pursuits and set up their own plans of life.

Gentle women, naturally retiring and unassertive, become suffragists and suffragettes, and they stand boldly on a soap-box in a public square, before a motley throng, to proclaim their demands.

These same women, driven by the exigencies of the hour, approve such conduct on the part of their sisters as that of breaking up meetings, storming and insulting public men in the streets, throwing stones, and smashing windows. These conditions are only an evidence of a nervous distress that has become universal.

We know that if you take a rabbit and inject it with strychnine you can make it sensitive to external impressions to which it was before unresponsive. By repeated injections you can make the rabbit so sensitive that, for instance, a light no brighter than one to which it is accustomed will throw it into convulsions. You can make its motor nerves so acutely sensitive that you may almost kill it by blowing your breath upon it if you prolong the spasms.

It makes no difference in the human being whether his nerves are unbalanced, and thereby his physical powers, by taking poison or by incorrect living. Fifty years ago neurasthenia was unknown. In the city of New York to-day it would be difficult to find one who is not more or less affected by neurasthenia. The number of those seriously affected is appalling. Now a neurasthenic is in the physical condition of the rabbit, and when he is dosed from without or within to the breaking point he will be equally as sensitive to external influences that never before disturbed him and of the existence of which he had been probably unaware. There is unrest within him, and the short road to relief is alcohol. Another palliative is morphine. Either agent only defers and makes more certain the day that will be his undoing. As neurasthenia has extended, the consumption of liquor has increased. The use of poisonous drugs has increased alarmingly.

We are not altogether free agents in this complex civilization. It is not what we want to do or are inclined to do for our bodily good, but what our business, professional, or social connections compel us to do. Our commitments to our associates, our institution, whatever it is, have us chained, and we are dragged on when we don't go willingly. Business, professional, and social life, being interdependent, the dominating characteristic of one will be that of the others. The tireless, merciless grind of industry takes no account of people, but only of things, and the captain of industry, arranging the world's affairs by the clock, expects his doctors and lawyers to be ready at a given time. The lawyer may feel that he ought to rest and play a while, but, like the industrial whose affairs won't stop for him without a crash, he cannot stop. It is a drive for us, with the force behind us irresistible.

Machinery wears out. The human body, unlike machinery, rebuilds itself, but its constructive power is not proportioned to opportunities for self-destruction. The modern Moloch that we all obey is making us wear

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ourselves out. Our energies are overdrawn. We are developing a womanhood that is becoming free of the instinctive desire for motherhood, and frequently without the capacity for it. The racial strength of reproduction is declining. The birth rate drops, and of the children born the proportion of those infirm increases, so at last we are confronted with the proof that the high-speed effort of our daily lives has brought suffering not only upon ourselves, but also upon our children. It is shocking to contemplate how far the visitation has extended.

The rate is told in figures. There are more criminals and imbeciles to each 1,000 of population than ever before. There are fewer births to each 1,000 of population.

A special committee of the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children appointed to investigate the subject of abnormal and feeble-minded children reported the following facts only a few weeks ago:

"There are in the city of New York at the present time approximately seven thousand feeble-minded children, or about one per cent of the school population. This is in addition to probably an equal number of idiots and imbeciles who do not attend school. It does not include, moreover, mild or borderline cases, nor morally defective children. If these latter types were added, the number of feeble-minded children in the city's public schools would probably be increased to at least ten thousand.

"Few of the children brought before the Children's Court are really vicious. Fully one-half of them are the victims of environment. The remainder, or the great majority of them, are produced from these ten thousand mental or moral defectives who now roam at large in the community without any proper parental supervision or medical care."

I have before me statistical information that I have had condensed from the official records of various countries in Europe. I did not attempt to get proof from the records of the United States, because they are so fragmentary and detached that nothing of value can be learned from them.

It is a safe and sane conclusion, however, that whatever conditions affecting human life obtain generally in a group of modern countries will not be materially different in another country of the same character, except that they may be more or less accentuated. While racial decline is unmistakably less marked in those countries that are not industrially inclined or where there is practically no industrialism, I would not trust the figures entirely, because I know their censuses are inadequate; but there is not a doubt that the birth rate of those countries is greater than the more modern ones. France has been called degenerate because of the known decline in her birth rate, which seemed to be a matter of general information, but France is only worse off by so many degrees than her neighbors, except that her death rate is greater than her birth rate. And her birth rate is the lowest of any nation.

One has only to take a pencil in hand to determine how many decades would elapse before every vestige of a people would be destroyed where more people die every day than there are children born. Conditions in other countries are not materially different from those in France, except that other countries thus far have maintained a lower death rate than birth rate. This is their margin of safety. The birth rate has been declining in every civilized country in the last thirty or forty years, until it is everywhere now at its lowest point. France has been going down for a century until, in 1907, her birth rate was 19 to the 1,000 of population and her death rate 20, a condition never before known in any modern country.

England has made a drop in her number of births at the rate of about three per cent in each ten years for more than a generation. There is only one country of which statistics are kept that shows a rise in the birth rate, and that is Japan. Spain has lost only one point in twenty-five years. In the same time England has lost six.

In Switzerland, an unusually vigorous country, the birth rate dropped from 30 to 27 between 1875 and 1906. The death rate was reduced from 23 to 17 in the same period. These figures are for each thousand of population. In the same years Austria's birth rate fell from 39 to 34, and the death rate from 31 to 25; Belgium's birth rate from 32 to 25, and her death rate from 24 to 16; Germany's birth rate from 39 to 33, and her death rate from 27 to 18.

The saving grace of a diminishing death rate is accounted for by the increased efficiency of medical direction, quarantines, and sanitation—the triumph of science over disease.

The time must come when the results of close supervision of disease and suppression of disease-breeding conditions will reach its

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maximum, and the inevitable death rate become irreducible. With the birth rate then falling as it has been falling in the most advanced countries of the world, the end either of the present-day civilization or the end of all becomes apparent. It is not alone because fewer children are being brought into the world that we have cause for grave concern for the perpetuity of the races. It is not alone because children are not coming in sufficient numbers, *but because the number of defectives born has grown alarmingly, and is constantly increasing in proportion to each 1,000 of population. This is the awful menace.* The power of human thought and action is shackled before it. We may modify it, check it in places, but we cannot exterminate it by any process known to us now, or that seems at this time likely to come to us, unless we can change the temper and reduce the intensity of our modern industrial and social life.

Just as we find the birth rate falling among the progressive nations we find insanity and crime rising. For insanity, I select for example the records of England. In 1859, with a population of 19,686,701, there were 36,762 insane persons. In 1910, with a population of 36,169,170, there were 130,553 insane persons. For crime, I take Prussia as the seat of industry of the German Empire whose records are most reliable. In 1882 the percentage of convicted criminals to each 100,000 of population was 996; in 1906 it was 1,229. The increase in all forms of crime was marked here in this period, as it is in all countries. The number of juvenile criminals has increased in greater proportions. The ratios are readily ascertainable. I give merely the suggestions here.

Now let us see, if we can, why the conditions of our life produce such results.

The fertilized egg of a fish is composed of a single cell. The single cell has the faculty of dividing itself, making two perfect cells. These two perfect cells have the faculty of dividing themselves, making eight. These eight perfect cells have the faculty of dividing themselves, making sixteen. These sixteen perfect cells have the power of dividing themselves, making thirty-two. This is the normal process to infinity of numbers, and this is the proportion in which the cells multiply until the fish is grown. These cells in the forming fish divide again into groups, each group having a special function. Thus there will be skin cells, muscle cells, gland cells, blood cells, brain cells, and, most important of all to its species, sex cells. Anything that interferes with the development of these cells in the precise proportions in which they must grow will affect the type, and, instead of a fish, there will be a monster.

Human beings are in no sense differently developed from birth. From inception children pass through the same process as the fish from the egg until they reach manhood and womanhood.

When overwrought women have disturbed within themselves the processes of nature, they impart a disturbance to their offspring, and, as in the case of the fish, instead of the development of a normal human being, there is one distorted in body or mind, or in both. It is fundamental that the female must be quiescent. It is fundamental because of the basic difference between the male and the female cell. The female cell is quiescent. Its normal development depends upon this state.

Latter-day women, driven by the strife of the elements within them to enormous exertions, are asking in what way women are inferior to men and are attempting to demonstrate their equal physical endurance. It is not a question of equality at all. It is one of physical difference in the sexes which forbids women from performing either factory labor or disquieting tasks.

I have pointed out how neurasthenia comes to us by the extraordinary, ceaseless activity which these generations of men through the grind of their remorseless industrialism have made the law of life. Neurasthenia is only a name which signifies a disturbance of the chemical balance in the body, the establishment of a vicious circle, one defect causing another, and the second aggravating the first, until the whole system is involved.

The food we eat is made soluble by the saliva in the mouth and the secretions in the stomach and the intestines, and in liquid form it passes through the lymph vessels and is poured into the blood as crude material. Hence there are ductless glands which we will call refineries, and we might as well call the chemical food properties injected into the circulation crude oil. We may assume that there are a large number of these refineries in the human body—just how many we can't tell. Number 1 refinery produces a product called for identification A1. Number 2 refinery manufactures a product that we may call B2. Number 3 refinery manufactures a product that we may call C3, and number 4

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a product that we may call D4, each one of these products being known as "hormon." The ductless glands or refineries throw back into the blood what they receive from it, but chemically changed, their distinctive product being included. A1 may be hormon for the nerve cells, and the nerve cells must have this product or they will take nothing; B2 may be a product for the muscle cells, and without it the muscles must weaken; C3 may be a product for the sex cells; and a combination of all these may be a product for the brain. The loss of any one of them must upset the equilibrium, and an abnormal condition of health must follow.

We know that the pituitary gland at the base of the brain produces a special hormon known as the pituitary extract. We do not know what the extract is for, but we think it regulates growth and proportional development. If deranged, the possible result is that peculiar disease that enlarges the hands and face out of proportion, and the effect is to destroy the equilibrium of the other glands. I cite this merely to show that the individual must suffer a penalty for the derangement of one small part of the mechanism or chemical properties of the human body. In this case the penalty is the distortion of his own image.

An inflammation of the thyroid gland stops the production of its hormon, and, if sufficient quantities be not transmitted through the blood to the different tissues requiring it, the disease known as myxœdema comes. The symptoms of it are mental apathy, even developing into dementia, marked anæmia, and an improper growth of tissue. When this occurs in childhood, idiocy may result. If, on the contrary, the thyroid gland oversecretes its hormon, the opposite effect will be produced, and what is known as Basedow's disease may result, the symptoms being emaciation, great excitability over trifles or nothing, and constant over-exertion of the heart.

These are simple illustrations of the necessity of maintaining the balance within the body. The busy man, working with all his driving force for twelve or fifteen hours a day, using either his brain or his body to excess—it makes no difference which—is drawing to whatever group of nerve cells that he is directly employing in his labor more than their quota of nerve energy. The other body cells are not supplied, and the sapping begins. The glands that secrete the juices of the stomach are not supplied, and, the stomach being unable to do its work, dyspepsia comes. This overworked man may have liver complaint, because the liver, not getting its proper nerve impulses, cannot functionate properly. No group of cells ever perform their functions without direct nerve impulses. The liver, the stomach, the skin, cannot act normally unless normal nerve impulses come to them.

Cells have three life processes: functional, formative, and nutritive. When we think, run, walk, or move, we are exercising the functional process. The formative is the process, which I have already described, of division and multiplication of cells. This process ceases after we get our growth. The nutritive takes the material from the fluid in the lymph spaces surrounding the cells and stores it up as potential energy.

Nature has ordained that woman keep in store this potential energy for the hour that she may be called upon to impart it to her offspring, and nature has provided her own way for using up monthly the surplus energy that the woman accumulates and does not need. The moment she needs it, being with child, nature stops the monthly waste, and while that child needs nourishment and stimulation from her, before and after birth, the woman's function that wastes energy ceases. It is the law—a law that no amount of modern woman argument can set aside—that this monthly waste of energy shall take place in the female if she does not need it for her young, and that it shall not be wasted in any other form than that provided. Nature provides the store and provides for depleting it, that its process may go on unbroken. When a woman persists in being manlike in her physical and mental activities, exerting her strength to the limit of endurance, she will use up energy faster than the cells can store it, and in extreme cases the natural function will cease. There will be no surplus energy to carry off, and no necessity for nature to establish her customary facilities for caring for it. Women so afflicted lose the habits, the inclinations, and the powers of their sex.

A woman, with capacity still remaining, but physically unbalanced by constant overexertion, or through alcohol or drugs, which have the same unbalancing effect, cannot be expected to impart to her child the normal stimulant or normal amount of hormon that the child must have for its normal develop-

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ment. Why it is that the brain cells of the child are likely to be the most affected we do not know, but presumably the brain cells are the most delicate, the most vulnerable, of any of the groups, and their processes the most refined.

With unrelenting industrial activity, ever expanding and more exacting, drawing by precept and example upon the vitalities of men and women, the shocking increase in the number of insane and feeble-minded persons, from which the criminal classes are largely recruited, is not difficult to understand.

Statistics show us only the feeble-minded persons in institutions. We have no way of recognizing or estimating the number of those outside, but if we could get the figures they would be astounding. A law should be enacted requiring that all feeble-minded persons, whether in institutions or at liberty, be registered by the State.

Characteristics of feeble-minded persons are usually deceiving. One expects to find them with low brows and furtive looks, and more or less vicious in appearance, after they develop criminal tendencies. On the contrary, they are sometimes amiable, bright on the surface, good-tempered under trying circumstances, and almost always likable for their external social side. This is particularly true of "high-grade defectives." One notable thing about them is their pose of frank innocence. In this they are engaging and almost convincing.

Family physicians should be required to make reports of suspected cases, and these reports should be followed by thorough examinations by a commission made up of medical specialists, and their conclusion should determine the care of the child. From the nature of the case they could determine whether it ought to be left in charge of its parents or whether it should be sent to an institution and kept there while mentally unsound. Public school teachers or superintendents could have blank forms for making returns of peculiar cases coming under their observations, such as extraordinary inability to learn, or persistent misconduct notwithstanding correction or kindly counsel, and all those cases that are so plain as to occasion comment among other children. Other means that might be adopted to segregate these mentally unbalanced children will at once suggest themselves. These two will suffice to show how readily we might accomplish what would at first seem a difficult task.

An institution must be established by the State exclusively for feeble-minded delinquents. After they reach maturity the prospect is hopeless. Taken at a proper age, however, many mentally defective children can be wonderfully improved.

Leaving the facts as they are, let us, entering the field of conjecture, inquire what is to become of us? It might be satisfying to know, and, again, it might be disquieting. I am inclined to believe that only experience—the experience not only of the individual, but also of the race—changes the course of human affairs; that therefore industrialism and its allies will continue to weaken the people of the modern world until they will no longer be able to respond to the call to extreme effort. By that time, unless other peoples, not weakened by this fever, take the place of supremacy away from us, men will find it possible to spend strength that is only sufficient for their daily needs, and the rebuilding of our race should begin. It is possible, however, that long before that time sincere and wise men and women, possibly the churches, will undertake, before it is too late, to teach mankind that it has been misguided, and that it is not God's will that men should be put upon the rack in order that there may be created new and useless wealth. Possibly the multitudes of men will be taught to smite the industrial monster that is warping the generations to come, and, scorning the menace of it, will take time for peaceful pleasures and for recuperative repose; and women, relieved of those burdens and turning from those ambitions that have weakened their distinctive powers, will be restored to that manner of life which will enable them to rejuvenate the race.

There are two ways, then, in which we ought to deal with the facts that we have here faced. First, we ought to alleviate the wrong conditions that now exist—be intelligent in our study and treatment of crime, in our dealings with delinquents and with those who are mentally unbalanced, and especially in the care of defective children. And, second, we ought to resist excessive demands upon our energies and promote whatever will bring back men and women, especially women, to that which is normal.

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A BUSINESS MAN VISITS WASHINGTON

BY J. GEORGE FREDERICK

A BUSINESS man went down to Washington recently, and, becoming interested in the business side of the departments and bureaus (whose throngs he saw going and coming, morning and evening), he learned a few facts like these:

1. That if a bureau's supply of stationery runs out, and its quarterly limit of expenditure has already been reached, there is no official alternative but to allow clerks to warm their chairs and idle for as many days as the quarter may yet have to run. Buying stationery necessary to keep them at work would put the chief into the penitentiary!

2. That if a department executive finds a labor-saving device or system which would at once make the labor of a dozen clerks unnecessary (at a saving of perhaps $300 a week), he is prohibited from acting, at least until the next quarter, perhaps until the next year. He is compelled by law to hire a specified number of clerks at a specified salary, come what may!

3. That, though an executive realizes perfectly well that he might save twenty-five per cent of his supply costs by purchasing a year's supply, or more, at the quantity rate familiar to all business, he cannot act to make the saving for the Government, for he is compelled by law to buy just enough for the current quarter—at the higher rate, of course!

The business man, on learning these facts (and many more like them), was positively aghast. He made the people who told him prove it, which they did. And then the business man, who, prior to his Washington visit, had been unable to visualize the vast and awing concrete business side of the Government, began at once to take an interest in it which he had never before felt. It had touched him on common ground. "Washington" to him was no longer a marble-halled political Valhalla, seen like a sky-throne from afar, but a flesh-and-blood "business proposition," which by his personally conducted departmental visits became very real and clear. Despite his long-continued and tempermental contempt for "politics," he actually felt the startings of an ambition to "run it." "Why," he said, with the air of one making a great discovery, "the President is simply the head of a tremendous big business!"

With this new conception of our Government, the whole "Washington proposition" cleared up in his head instantly, and he tackled every phase of it with zest and familiarity. But every time he attacked with merited scorn and contempt a condition such as outlined above (to him the embodiment of inefficiency and absurdity) he came up against department men who admitted what he said and more. He found them anathematizing the same things he condemned, for the most part; willing to increase efficiency, and having practical plans all worked out on tap in their pigeonholes.

He saw clerical work done in a manner and with a wastefulness of duplication such as he had not thought any modern office was guilty of. Yet, as a ripple in the sea of inefficiency, he was shown how even in a department greatly handicapped by being under the wing of the Treasury a few things were happening. Until recently eighteen typists had been kept at work recopying each month 26,000 names of workers to whom pay checks were to be sent. Each month they had copied the same names over and over again, and working beside them had been two other clerks to proof-read over and over again the work as it was typed, to see that no errors were made. The pay-sheet had, of course, represented a further duplication of this work, and the checks themselves still another. *Now* an ordinary addressing-machine has brought all three operations into one, dispensed with three-fourths of the work, and made proof-reading unnecessary. "Splendid!" commented the business man. "I suppose you discharged the clerks that week, and have been saving $400 a week at least." His informant smiled as he reached for the law under which he works, making it compulsory for him to have employed exactly so many people. "No," he answered, quizzically; "they're all still at work except the proof-readers; but we had to do some thinking to lay out work enough for them."

At this the business man stood honestly agape, hardly believing his ears. He had been up to this time rather indiscriminately condemning department executives, but the pitiful helplessness of the men running the details of the great Federal organization now struck him squarely between the eyes. "By

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George!" he said; "the man running my shipping department at home has more authority and freedom than that!"

The bureau chief flushed a bit at this blunt comparison, and then said, with a quiet dignity and immolation which the business man had noticed more than once in departmental officialdom, "How much do you pay your shipping clerk?" "I pay him $2,000 a year, and he's worth it." "I get $1,800," said the chief, simply.

Whatever practical efforts toward greater efficiency the business man was able to locate he noticed came mostly from *below*, not from above, in the organization. The most ingenious engineering to make the best out of crippling regulations, antique custom, and red tape came to his notice. The spectacle of a great government obliged to hire the services of a standard labor-saving machine and operator outside, by the hour, because there was no appropriation (also no psychological moment to get one), made the business man from New York emit a shout of laughter which was largely derision, but which also began to contain a note of hurt pride and National shame. The greatest government on earth having piece-work done outside in a picayune way, when the machine was sorely needed all the time—a machine such as large firms in the country use daily!

Before he left Washington the business man had gone into the question of departmental efficiency from A to Z, simply because he was keenly interested. He had advanced the idea of a general central purchasing bureau, but had been told with an air of superior wisdom that it had been and was being tried, but unsuccessfully. The tale of the technical department which desired a special delicate instrument, and how the central bureau didn't know enough about it to get one that was satisfactory, was cited, and so was the vastness of the Government's business argued as reason why such a purchasing method could not succeed. "Why," said his informer, "you could drop the whole billion-dollar Steel Corporation into one of Uncle Sam's departments and *lose* it!"

But the business man could not be shaken. "Bigness is an unanswerable argument *for*, not *against*, a central purchasing division. If I know anything about running a big business, I lay my finger on the real trouble when I say that diplomacy, fairness, and firmness, as well as keen buying, is successfully possible in a central purchasing bureau for *any* business, however tremendous. It is practiced by the biggest businesses of the country. I've had purchasing agents who were very good at pleasing everybody, but couldn't buy right—weren't business men. On the other hand, I've had red-headed, uncivil pieces of flint who could shade down a miser's last gasp bargain, but who were knocked by everybody in the organization. Neither were one hundred per cent efficient purchasing executives; but that by no means disproved the practicability of the central purchasing plan, which has so abundantly proved itself for public business in the New York City government.

And then he literally fell upon the real heart of the situation—the gulf between sheer politics and efficiency. The more he thought about it, the more he saw the seriousness of the matter to the whole country. He saw the relation of the general hue and cry against the crude, fumbling, and political footballing of serious economic interests by jockeying, unbusinesslike politicians to the administration of the routine labors of government. He saw the fundamental fallacy of choosing Senators, Representatives, Presidents, Cabinets for sheer popularity or partisanship. It rotted the top, the heart, out of good, efficient work. The President might, like his own erstwhile purchasing agent, be a "pleaser," but not a good "buyer" (whether of men's services for directing great fundamental public interest or of routine physical equipment), a good placator and salver, but a mighty poor executive. A tremendous business machine, even though it were known as a government, was tittling around in futile circles, like a headless fowl.

"Give me one-half the number of executives and the employees now in Government departments," was the business man's parting challenge, "and give me two-thirds the present appropriations, and I will do the work quicker and better—by simply getting good men, good help, and up-to-date appliances and systems, and then giving these good men authority and backing, but hold them for results, just as I do in my business."

The Government laborers smiled sadly. "Send us a different kind of Congress and perhaps such a millennium will become possible—not before."

"I will!" came back the business man vigorously; and that is why a solid-looking business man is a whispered-about curiosity at a certain West Side New York political club.

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THE SPECTATOR

WHAT an atmosphere of tropical verdure, balmy air, and sunny skies surrounded the Spectator yesterday as he read a letter from a young niece in Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, telling of the way they celebrate Washington's Birthday in that land of perpetual summer! It did the Spectator's heart good to hear of the patriotism displayed, not only by the Americans, and other nationalities seemingly Americanized, but even by the Japanese, who entered into the spirit and added in a unique manner to the general celebration. When the account arrived, America was in the midst of a bleak and muddy spring, with winter still sitting in her lap, and the color and youthful enthusiasm of the letter pleased the Spectator. Here it is:

Honolulu, Hawaii, February 25, 1912.

Dear Uncle Spectator:

If you could only have dropped in here on an aeroplane on the morning of February 22, I'm sure you would have been a long time in catching your breath again; not only because of your flying trip, but because of the beauty and variety of the sights you'd have seen that day.

That the people might see what a large force of Uncle Sam's soldiers and sailors are now quartered here, a splendid parade of all the military and naval forces opened the day's festivities. Just follow me with your mind's eye, and wide open too, and you will see all Honolulu in gala attire. This means that you will see all sorts of costumes, from the latest Paris importations on the well-dressed Americans hurrying along in their motors or carriages, down through the dainty and bright-hued kimonos of the Japanese, the white or colored *holokus* of the Hawaiians, to the rainbow-shaded, jewel-bedecked coat-and-trouser suits of the Chinese ladies and children, with a sprinkling of many other nationalities, too, also in their best holiday attire. Truly it is a more varied crowd than one can see in any other American city.

Having passed across the tropical-tree-shaded park called Thomas Square, in honor of the English Admiral Thomas, we take our seats in a stand on the McKinley High School grounds behind a line of officials: the Governor of Hawaii, army generals and admirals of the navy, and a few lesser lights. And now, with the mounted native police leading, we see the long line approaching, the horses keeping perfect step to the music of the Fifth United States Cavalry Band, also mounted. In quick succession the troops of the Fifth Cavalry ride by, saluting the Governor as they pass the reviewing stand, and are followed by the First Field Artillery, with their deadly guns now quiet and innocent enough. Then the "doughboys," as the infantrymen are called, companies from the Second and the Twentieth United States Infantry. Following these come the "bluejackets" from the four United States war-ships lying in the harbor, with their light field-pieces, each manned by a gun-crew; then the Marines and the Red Cross Brigade.

After Uncle Sam's own troops come the members of the National Guard of Hawaii, nearly all Hawaiians, looking very military in uniforms similar to those of the regular troops; and lastly, the cadets of the school for young Hawaiians, founded by a descendant of King Kamehameha, and named in his honor. And as they pass along the side of the park and disappear among the trees, the crowd disperses to get lunch and rest a bit before the next event, which is a floral parade.

A little before two we are again mingling with the good-natured crowd that swarms into the grounds of the old Palace, now used as a Government building, where the Legislature meets and the Governor and others have their offices.

The various entries for this are: decorated automobiles (subdivided into classes for touring cars, runabouts, and electrics), floats of any size or style, bicycles, and horseback riders. The last are also in two classes—those who ride in their usual garb, and those who dress, for this occasion, in the old-time Hawaiian style, now rarely seen.

When they are in place, the parade starts, led by marshals dressed in white, with red sashes, etc., and mounted on fine prancing horses, followed by the Hawaiian band, which was founded by the last King, Kalakaua. One of his descendants, Prince Kuhio, present Delegate to Congress, and his brother's son, the little Prince Kalakaua, are among the leaders, too. The first in line are the so-called island princesses, one chosen to represent each of the five larger islands, with an escort of young girls, also dressed in the *pa-u*, or flowing skirt, set off by black velvet capes and garlands, or *leis*, to harmonize. They are each, in turn, heralded by a boy bearing the banner of their island, in the chosen color, and an outrider, a young girl in conventional costume. The horses wear *leis*, too, and seem to be proud to carry such gorgeous riders. For, as one group is garbed in brilliant yellow, another in bright green, a third in a vivid pink, still another in royal purple, and lastly one in a truly tropical effect of blended red and yellow, they do form a spectacle to dazzle the eye. With their superb horsemanship (for a Hawaiian learns to ride as he does to walk) they make a scene never to be forgotten. Soon there comes rushing after them a throng of cowboys, who are more daring, than dressed-up, riders, but add to the picturesqueness of it all.

Then, headed by a single outrider, comes the first of the decorated floats, an Egyptian barge,

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with lotus-flowers. After this first they come in such profusion, both of numbers and wealth of detailed decorations, that I cannot begin to tell of them, except for one or two especially noticeable. One was an almost perfect model of a war-ship (copied by the crew of one), even to the guns, which were really fired, and with a loud report sprinkled confetti over the crowd of admiring spectators who were always near it. Another was an elaborate picture or tableau of a battle between the new Chinese Republic and the old Manchu dynasty, with actual people—some representing the new army, with their modern uniforms, and others in the old costume, lying very realistically dead behind their guns, while the victors were triumphantly receiving the cheers of their enthusiastic fellow-countrymen all along the way.

Next come the automobiles, which have been transformed into veritable bowers of loveliness. One of the first is, indeed, called the "Trysting Bower," and under a canopy of violets sits a young bridal couple, seemingly driven along by a little Cupid holding reins of lavender gauze. These are also too numerous to mention in detail, save to say that each seemed to surpass the preceding one in beauty, till there came a perfect vision of rainbow-hued shades—a representation of a large iridescent sea-shell, slightly open, resting on a bank of flowers, all in the most delicate pinks and blues. One could scarce believe it was a thing connected in any way with machinery, and not till one peeped inside the shell could one see even any human agency entering into it. This won the first prize over all other entries, and very deservedly so. Nearly every sort of flower was represented, even to the shamrock, and one or two mirth-provoking cars introduced the mosquito and the sausage-machine. The bicycles represented the turtle, lobster, and fish families, and were very ingenious.

After the procession left the Palace grounds it wended its way through the residential streets to the campus of Oahu College, and there for the first time one could really see it to its best advantage and as a whole, as it spread out in a semicircle before the judges' stand, in a natural stage setting of verdure-clad hills and wonderful tropical foliage. Before dispersing there was a sort of mimic war waged with confetti among the automobilists passing up and down one of the avenues.

In the evening we saw the Japanese Lantern Parade, which, starting in a small way two years ago, has now grown to such proportions as to be one of the best events. Shortly before eight the Japanese began to assemble in a park down in the Oriental quarter, and from there marched to the Palace grounds, then by the four American battle-ships at the docks, where they gave their *Banzais!* for the sailors, and were given in return a hearty American "three cheers," showing the good feeling between the two countries. Again a detailed description would be impossible, except to mention the general popularity of George Washington's picture on lanterns, transparencies, and miniature tea-houses. There were hundreds of lanterns of every size, color, and shape in line, and after these came the more elaborate floats, and even automobiles decorated and lighted by electricity, flashing on and off. The symbolism of the cherry tree was beautifully worked out according to Japanese ideas, giving a marvelous effect of flowery branches and shimmering lights.

After we had seen the last one in relief against the velvety sky, some of us who were not too tired went on to finish up the day at a Colonial ball given for visitors and townspeople alike, at the roof-garden ball-room of the Alexander Young Hotel, the largest of Honolulu's best hotels. Greeting the Colonial dames in costume who received us, we joined the dancers in masquerade, not being able to resist the inspiring strains of the native singing boys, who sing as well as play for the dances.

THE NEW BOOKS

All the Children of All the People. By W. Hawley Smith. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

There is a homely, practical strength in this discussion, a facing of facts, that must appeal to every one who comes into relations with our public schools. Two essential considerations constantly appear in the author's phrases "born short" and "born long," which may be interpreted by the Irishwoman's observation, "I never saw a hen yet could hatch out of an egg anything different from what was in it when it was laid." Mr. Smith does not enthrone heredity to the entire exclusion of environment, but he does place strong stress upon the development of natural gifts, educing, not creating. When an average of only forty per cent in ten years of each entering class continues to graduation day, it is usually "failure in Latin and algebra" that accounts for the falling off. Mr. Smith pleads strongly for individual development in the place of mass movement. He is not a mere destructive critic; he offers remedies that should attract teachers. Public opinion as to what education is must be changed before much can be done. His defini-

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tion is, "All persons are educated who have so developed the powers and abilities that are within them individually that they can each do well the things they undertake to do." He follows that with an illustration most apt: an old engineer gave his definition, "Any man is educated when he's on to his job!" The book is a fresh, stimulating, and useful contribution to the subject of education.

Plain Path (The). By Frances Newton Symmes Allen. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.30.

"The Plain Path," we are told, is the first novel from the pen of Mrs. Allen, but it is filled with mature thought and composed with skill. The casual novel-reader may tire before many pages are finished, but, after passing some rather chilly heights of the modern *Ueber-Mensch* philosophy, the truth and sweetness of real humanity will appeal to any one of intelligence. The daughter of a German agnostic of distinction, after being thoroughly imbued with her father's teaching, is sent to America, the home of her unknown mother, and enters a college as a graduate student, in fulfillment of a promise to her dead parents. She comes, by accident, into the presence of death and sorrow, and vainly tests her father's theories, in the face of the subtle influence of the New World about her and the strong instincts inherited from her mother. Much art is shown in managing the situation, and there is sufficient humor, together with homely details.

Relentless Current (The). By M. E. Charlesworth G. P. Putnam's Sons New York. $1.25.

Circumstantial evidence brought about the execution of an innocent man accused of murder. The crime apparently was committed in a Western State, the penalty was suffered, evidently, in the East, making confusion in the reader's mind. The young daughter of an English clergyman, betrothed to the accused, hastens to him and exhausts every means to secure his release. Failing, she marries him and attends his execution in her wedding dress. After this strange incident she becomes a trained nurse, remaining in America in order to clear her husband's memory. The tale is inordinately sentimental in style and amazing in some particulars, but it will gain readers, who will shudder at the hard-hearted Governor and be thrilled by the prison scenes.

Hieronymus Rides. By Anna Coleman Ladd. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

The author has a strongly conceived character here in the brilliant, valorous, and ironical Hieronymus, who is both knight and jester at the Court of that Maximilian who is sometimes called the Last of the Knights. Maximilian had a strange career of war, adventure, and chivalry near the end of the fifteenth century, and the time with its semi mediæval history offers a fine field for romance. There is something of Mr. Hewlett's mannerism and perhaps preciosity in the style of writing in this tale, but it has, beneath, vigor of conception and subtlety of motive.

Local Colorist (A). By Annie Trumbull Slosson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

This volume contains a collection of stories by Mrs. Slosson, whose parables of life have been a joy to many. In this group the author touches upon some modern fads with gentle satire and much of her accustomed skill, but she chooses to remain upon the surface of things, not moving us to the depths touched by "Story-tell Lib" or "Fishin' Jimmy."

Lone Adventurer (The). By Halliwell Sutcliffe. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $1.25.

A story of the Stuart rising of 1745, with the emphasis on a weakly elder son of a loyalist Lancashire family, who is thought to be of no manly use by his brother and by the world at large, but who becomes a hero under the pressure of danger.

Knight in Denim (A). By Ramsey Benson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.25.

The story of a man who, in kindly phrase, is "not all there" is a difficult one to tell and at the same time secure the complete sympathy of the reader. Atro City, Nebraska, is just the ordinary crude, uninteresting Western town, whose citizens are uneducated though often intelligent, kindly yet willing to hear and tell scandalous gossip. Bill Harbaugh, the Knight, is an absolutely consistent character, and one is surprised at the liking he awakens among his neighbors and in us. Apparently from instinct, he is the brave defender of women and the succorer of children. Boastful and silly, yet he is loyal and pure. He tells of having served in the Civil War, though his feeble memory fails to serve him on important points, and he is coached by an avaricious employer into applying for a pension. That is a strong incident. Another is his arrest and trial for robbery. The author is a master in the management of his strange material.

One and the Other. By H. Lancaster. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.

There are real charm and genuine human nature in this little story of a small French boy in Louisiana. His father dies, his mother has a long string of little children, his twin brother is amiable but unenergetic, so that the twin who takes the lead is called by his neighbors L'Un (the one), and his brother L'Autre (the other). L'Un, in the bravest and manliest way, child as he is, takes hold of the family affairs, plants his little corn patch, buys a supposedly dying pig, makes a trade for a steer to help him plow, and becomes in an amusingly original way a farmer and a man of business at the age of twelve years.

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How his aspirations to become a bridge engineer drive him to study, and how he almost accomplishes his object, but is turned away by the sweetest kind of love to continue as a Canadian peasant, but an unusual one, forms the end of this story, which deserves for its simplicity and truth a wide reading.

Yankee Fantasies: Five One-Act Plays. By Percy Mackaye. Duffield & Co., New York. $1.25.

In a thoughtful preface Mr. Mackaye makes a plea for the one-act play in America, and follows his plea with five one-act plays of his own under the title "Yankee Fantasies." He confines his fancy entirely to the possibilities offered in New England, a part of America with which he claims familiarity. He instances the Irish plays and some of Barrie's as examples of success in this region of dramatic art, and points to the acknowledged demand for such plays among amateurs and their popularity in vaudeville. Whether the mingling of fantasy with unadulterated Yankee dialect is successful or not can be determined fully only when these plays are put on the stage.

Later Letters of Edward Lear (The). Duffield & Co., New York. $3.50.

Like the earlier book of Edward Lear's letters, this contains a good deal that is trivial and of only temporary interest, yet Lear's whimsicality and comical twists of mind have ample illustration. It would be absurd, it seems to us, to compare Lear with Dodgson (Lewis Carroll) as a humorist, for Lear's writing was in the main for his own amusement and that of his friends, and turned largely on verbal quips and oddities of expression. He will always be remembered for his "Owl and the Pussy Cat," and he was the first to discover the comicality of the limerick. His "Complete Nonsense Book," of which the same publishers have sent us a new edition in quarto form, including all the original pictures, contains scores of examples of this form of nonsense verse. Altogether Lear put out an astonishing amount of innocent nonsense, which has afforded an immense amount of pleasure both to children and others who love to go occasionally as far as possible away from that which is serious and sensible.

History of Witchcraft in England (A): 1588–1718. By Wallace Notestein. American Historical Association, Washington, D. C. $1.50.

Witchcraft is always a fascinating topic. We have rarely seen it treated in a more human and readable way than in this volume. The author originally submitted this book as an essay in connection with the doctorate of philosophy conferred upon him by Yale; it is well worthy of book publication, for certainly the treatment and subject-matter are in every way fitted for general reading. The chapter on the beginning of the delusion in England is particularly acute and informative, while the account of the relations of James I and Charles I to the subject, and the story of Matthew Hopkins and notable Jacobean cases, are all clearly written. The appendices help to give a complete view of the historical side of witchcraft.

Hidden House. By Amelie Rives. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.20.

Again we are brought into the troubled atmosphere of dual personality. Moina and Robina struggle as occupants of the lovely body of a girl. The love tragedy appears when a tired youth comes to Hidden House, in the Virginia mountains, to fight his own spiritual battle. The author's style is somewhat perfervid, but that is to be expected from previous observation and the choice of subject. There are better stories upon this theme.

Book of Decorative Furniture (The). By Edwin Foley G. P Putnam's Sons, New York. $15 for 2 vols

The second volume of two elaborate quartos written and illustrated by Edwin Foley has appeared. The careful detail of this work includes colored plates, drawings, charts of British woodwork styles, and many decorative designs, in which the form, color, and history of elegant furniture are shown. Beginning with the Chippendale school of Georgian times, we wander amid the bewildering beauties seen in foreign palaces and museums, meeting names familiar to collectors—Adams, Heppel, White, and others. A chapter is devoted to the Colonial furniture of America, reflective, of course, of England, from 1607 to 1783; and France is not neglected, from the Regency, Louis XV–Louis XVI, the Directoire, and Empire periods down to 1815. A closing chapter returns to the Sheraton school of Great Britain. While the fragmentary style chosen by the author is at times unsatisfactory, and one longs for more definite and complete information, the profusion of illustration and the markedly clear division of topics constitute an advantage for reference. These books should find a place in public libraries where they might be consulted by the boys in manual training classes, builders of modern houses, and ambitious cabinet-makers.

Adventure of Life (The). By Wilfred Thomson Grenfell, M.D. (The William Belden Noble Lectures for 1911.) Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.10.

This is a book to be read by every young man. Its lesson has been lived by Dr. Grenfell, and experienced both in his youth and in his ripe manhood. The religion of Jesus Christ is essentially of heroic quality, breathing in his earnest followers the knightly spirit of chivalric enterprise for the noblest ideals, and realizing satisfactions enviable by rational common sense. Dr. Grenfell's experiences among the North Sea fisher-folk, in the East End of London, and in the wilds of Labrador as surgeon-magistrate and every man's benefactor supply many pointed and pungent illustrations of the religion which

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is eager and ready to adventure to the limit of its power for humanity and God.

Intimacies of Court and Society. By the Widow of an American Diplomat. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.50.

The Widow of an American Diplomat writes what she terms an unconventional narrative of unofficial days, revealing the "Intimacies of Court and Society" with spirit and intelligence. She lived in five of the great capitals of Europe and made many friends. Of enemies we are not advised, nor should we take account of them. After reading the vivacious, sometimes mildly audacious, pages, we conclude that the anonymous author prefers Paris, considering everything, to other surroundings, while she admires the Russians and has a good word for the solidity of Court society in Berlin. England awakens her satire—the land of the commandment, "Thou shalt not be found out," so she says, and she points her characterization with stories new and old. She has the trained discretion and equally trained daring of the cosmopolitan. Sometimes she rivals the candor of the eccentric Louise of Saxony in her life story, but she never oversteps proper bounds either of public or private friendship. Of a brilliant diction, quick of apprehension, and truly adaptable, she must give her European friends some delightful moments. She avows herself a loyal American, and casually keeps before us her distinction from other Americans in the matter of ancestry. She has a clear vision when it comes to seeing faults and failures in any society. After many European years she came home to America on the slowest boat obtainable, and returned to the other side of the world with a good deal of relief and disillusion, glad to be able to live in Europe, where there still remain some millionaires who are nobodies. Yet she is not too hard upon her own country; she lives for society, and naturally prefers the best, which for her cannot be found here. There are a number of interesting portraits of celebrities in the book.

Church in the Confederate States (The). By Joseph Blount Cheshire, D.D. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $1.50.

The hitherto unwritten history of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Southern States during the Civil War is related by Dr. Joseph Blount Cheshire, Bishop of North Carolina, in a volume of wide general interest, as well as one peculiarly interesting to members of that Church—"The Church in the Confederate States." His account of the attitude of the Church in its political relations throughout those sad and trying times is free from any tinge of bitterness. Its narrative of the work of bishops and councils, and of the ministries of the Church to the soldiers and to the slaves, deserves to be widely read for the little-known facts it records. The violence of sectional and warlike feeling which characterized the time just preceding the outbreak of hostilities is well known, but few are aware of the revival of personal religion that ensued during the war. It is probable that no army since that of Cromwell has been so deeply religious as the Army of Northern Virginia. Glimpses are given of the tribulations that must have been endured when a pair of shoes cost $60 and a barrel of flour $150. The volume concludes with the story of the happy reunion of the two wings of the "separated but not divided" Church within a year after the restoration of peace. It is a pity that other churches, divided by the war, have not yet been able to follow that praiseworthy example.

Present Philosophical Tendencies. By Ralph Barton Perry. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.60.

At Harvard opposing systems of philosophy are impartially presented, and ably—idealism by Professor Josiah Royce, naturalism by Professor George Santayana, realism by Professor Ralph Barton Perry. In his meaty volume on "Present Philosophical Tendencies" Dr. Perry subjects the philosophies from which he dissents to a keenly critical estimate of the positions taken by their principal representatives, and follows this by a constructive presentation of realism, as more satisfactorily meeting the points wherein they seem to fail. One may recall that the old realism was hit off in the epitaph posed for Hume, who regarded mind as a mere lot of impressions and ideas:

"Beneath this circular idea,
Called vulgarly a tomb,
The impressions and ideas rest
Which constituted Hume."

The "new realism" of Professor Perry regards *contents* no less than action as an essential constituent of mind. It teaches that things enter into the mind as realities, and *are there*, known as ideas. Its cardinal principle, as opposed to the Berkeleian idealism, is the independent existence of the real thing that is immanent in the mind as idea. Professor Perry's critique of pragmatism distinguishes opposing versions of it—Schiller's and James's—the subjective and the objective. Accepting the latter as accordant with the new realism, he concludes with a synopsis of Professor James's philosophy.

Road to Joy (The). By Louise Collier Willcox. Harper & Brothers, New York. 50c.

This is an attractive little manual of courage and hope by an experienced writer, who always knows what she wants to say, and how to say it with precision and vigor. She presents the gospel of joy with a touch of stoical reserve, but with a strong, clear appeal for courage, hopefulness, and confidence; pain and hardship are on the road to joy. This is a good book for thoughtful people who do not lightly take the compensations of faith or the optimistic conclusions of those of fortunate temperament or of well-settled convictions.

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BY THE WAY

Fanny Crosby, the hymn-writer, celebrated her ninety-second birthday March 24. Though blind from childhood, her life has been a happy one. "I never fret, never worry, never think disagreeable thoughts nor find fault with any one or anything," she is reported as saying. Needless to say, her hymns do not reflect the somber side of the old theology.

Russia, it is reported, is to build two new battleships at the Cramps ship-yard in Philadelphia and two at the Vickers works in England. The finished ships will cost probably $12,000,000 each. Query: How many starving Russian peasants would $48,000,000 keep alive and comfortable till the famine is over?

No American city, says the "Scientific American," has a pneumatic tube system (for postal use) comparable with that of Paris or Berlin. The average Parisian "tube letter," it asserts, is delivered in an hour and a quarter after it is posted.

In telephone service, however, New York City may well claim precedence over Paris. Official tests in each city show that a telephone connection may be obtained in New York in just half the time that is required in Paris. An amateur test in Paris shows that it takes a minute and a third there, on the average, to get a telephone connection, and New Yorkers would doubtless admit, except in moments of extreme exasperation, that they usually get better service than this.

The late Admiral Melville left $150,000 to provide a home for deserving and aged poor persons. This bequest, however, has been declared void under the laws of Pennsylvania, which provide that charitable bequests by codicil must be made thirty days prior to death. Admiral Melville survived only twenty-four days after making the bequest. Mr. Carnegie's plan of doing one's good deeds while one is alive seems the surer method.

Cadiz, the "white city" of Spain, has a centenary celebration this year, commemorating the adoption of a liberal Constitution by the Cortes and the raising of the French siege in 1812 by the Duke of Wellington. Once one of the greatest ports of the world, Cadiz is still a most picturesque city and is said to extend a warm welcome to American tourists.

The United States Geological Survey announces that a large deposit of potash, sufficient to supply the country's demand for many years, has been discovered in California. Potash at present is imported chiefly from Germany, and the discovery may have an important effect on the price of this commodity, which is largely used in manufacturing fertilizers.

The railway station at Leipsic, Germany, just completed, is said to have cost $34,000,000. The Pennsylvania terminal in New York City represents an outlay of $57,000,000. As Leipsic contains only half a million inhabitants against New York's nearly five million, it seems that economical Germany is doing pretty well in the matter of railway facilities.

Paul Jones's celebrated reply to the captain of the Serapis when asked if he was ready to surrender, "Surrender? I have only begun to fight!" is to be placed on the statue of Jones that is to be erected in Potomac Park, Washington. A small controversy has arisen as to the punctuation of the inscription, some persons contending that it should read, "Surrender! I have only begun to fight." As this form is open to the objection that it might be regarded as Paul's demand on the other captain for *his* surrender, the interrogation point would seem to have it.

Electricity may be used as a tonic for plants as well as human beings. Experiments have shown that various plants may be forced in growth in a remarkable way by the electric current. Such attempts to make plants grow with unnatural rapidity, however, somehow remind one of the professor who told a farmer how he could make his pigs digest their food in half the usual time. To which information came the reply, "Well, but what's a hog's time worth, anyway?"

In its successful expedition to the South Pole, the Fram, under Captain Amundsen, was, it is stated, fitted with oil-burning engines, thus displacing the bulky coal fuel and giving much greater radius of action.

The first trolley car to make a through trip from Boston to New York City arrived at the latter city March 22. Several hundred yards of track were laid specially at one point, where lines did not connect, to enable the car to complete the trip. Many persons had before this traveled by trolley between the two cities, but never until on this occasion without changing cars at various points.

The monoplane is not so much in favor in France as formerly. The War Office has, a cable report states, forbidden its use by military pupils in aviation, declaring the biplane to be preferable on account of its superior stability.

The United States Brewers' Association publishes a book called "A Text-Book of True Temperance," in which appears a table that offers encouragement even to those who deplore the growing consumption of lager beer. It shows that, of twenty-two kinds of alcoholic beverages, American lager beer contains the smallest percentage of alcohol—viz., 3.8 per cent. Rum, absinthe, and brandy contain the highest percentage—60, 51, and 47 per cent respectively—and their use is decreasing.

An army officer, writing of the importance of the horse in warfare, says that automobiles have not appreciably lessened the demand for horses or mules in the army. One of these animals, he says, is needed for every man in a properly equipped military force. Immense numbers of horses perish in every war through starvation, it being almost impossible to provide forage for them during the exigencies of a campaign.

A new light opera is founded on the romantic career of Baron Trenck, an Austrian soldier of fortune. Strangely enough, there are two celebrated adventurers of this name. They were cousins, both were daredevil fighters, both had prison episodes in their checkered careers, and both had tragic ends—one being a suicide, the other a victim of the French Revolution. The opera celebrates the career of the elder Trenck.

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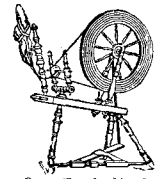

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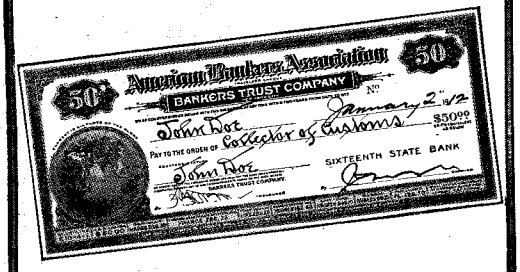

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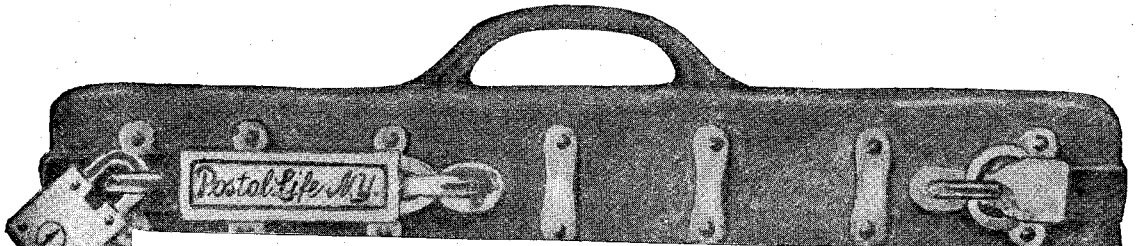

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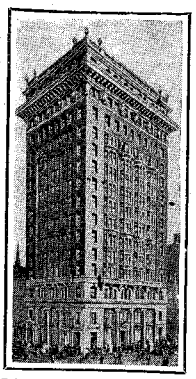

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Chalmers

Ten Reasons Why You Should Buy a Chalmers Car

1 Chalmers cars are made in our own shops.

We build our own motors, transmissions, steering gears, control levers, axles, fenders, running boards and practically all other parts. We even have our own foundry. Our factory is one of the most completely equipped in the industry. In the last 18 months we have invested more than half a million dollars in new machinery.

2 Chalmers engineering is right.

Our cars are designed under the direction of our consulting engineer, George W. Dunham, a recognized authority among automobile engineers. His policy is to be progressive, but not radical; to be always in the lead, but never to use on Chalmers cars any construction that has not proved itself under severest tests.

3 Chalmers compressed air self-starter is the simplest, safest, most reliable.

This great convenience—first introduced by us on a moderate-priced car—does away with the annoyance and danger of cranking. It is dependable. There is nothing complicated about it—just press a button on the dash and away goes your motor.

4 Chalmers four-forward-speed transmission gives utmost ease of control.

With this great improvement you can always select the speed that will carry you along—through any kind of going—in the fastest time and with the least strain on your motor. This transmission is now featured on all the best foreign and most of the high-priced American makes.

5 Chalmers long stroke motor gives you all the power you will ever need.

This motor has great pulling power at low speeds. It "hangs on." It throttles down well and there is little danger of "stalling" it. It also has many other points of superiority—ball-bearing crank shaft, cylinders en bloc, improved water jackets, dual ignition, improved oiling system. It has also patented Chalmers piston rings to prevent smoking and loss of compression.

6 Chalmers cars are easy to handle.

No car could be more fascinating to drive. Consider the convenience of these features: self-starter; four-forward-speed transmission; multiple disc clutch; demountable rims; automatic tire inflater; carburetor dash adjustment. All these and other conveniences make the "Thirty-six" an ideal car to drive.

7 Chalmers cars are safe cars.

Note the four main factors of safety on a Chalmers: the heavy pressed steel frame; the sturdy second-growth hickory wheels; the quick-acting, powerful brakes; the forged steel steering connections. These are things you can examine with your own eyes. Compare the Chalmers with other cars from the standpoint of safety.

8 Chalmers service department is constantly at your call.

When you buy a Chalmers it is our aim to help you get satisfactory use and enjoyment of that car. For that purpose we maintain a well organized Service Department. We have $750,000 invested in parts at our plant and among our dealers, for your convenience in case of accident. Chalmers dealers make it their policy to help owners to get full satisfaction from their cars.

9 Chalmers cars are sold at a fair price—one price to all.

Chalmers cars are not high-priced. Yet they have always sold primarily on their quality rather than their price. And we believe no other cars offer quite so much value for the same prices or lower.

10 The Chalmers guarantee is backed by a strong, sound company.

We have over $5,000,000 invested in this business. We have ample financial resources. We buy material and equipment at cash prices. We have built up a strong organization in all departments. We have the capital, the equipment, the organization to do business on a large scale—and do it right. More important still, we have the determination to see that our resources mean efficient service to the owners of Chalmers cars.

If you are going to buy a car this spring, we feel these Ten Reasons should convince you that it ought to be a Chalmers. Below a certain price it is impossible to get the quality you demand; above a certain price it is difficult to get enough additional quality to justify the higher price. But in a Chalmers you get all you can ask in a motor car—at a medium price. We urge you to see the Chalmers cars at our dealers' and place your order at once.

"30," $1500; "Thirty-Six," $1800; "Six," $3250

Chalmers Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

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